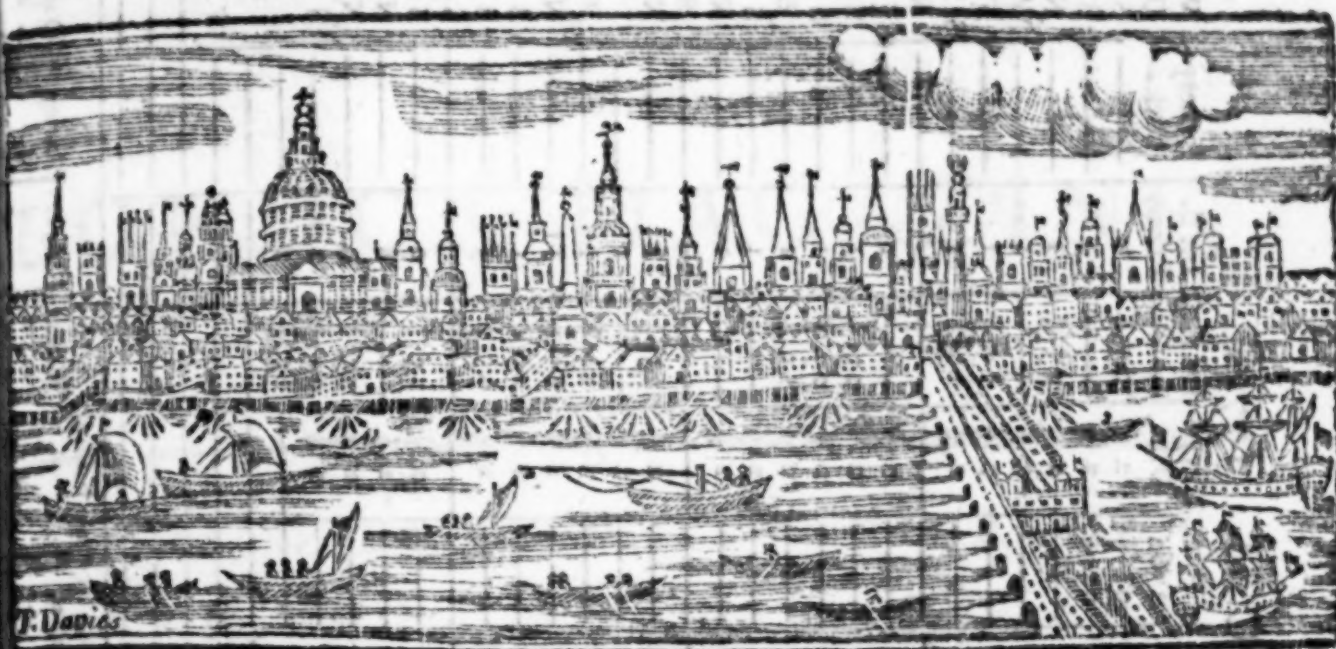


THE LONDON MAGAZINE:



Or, GENTLEMAN's Monthly Intelligencer.

For MARCH, 1773.

Harlequin, No. III. a periodical Paper on a new Plan	Page 107
The State of modern Comedy and Tragedy	108
Account of a Visit to the Critical Reviewers	109
Short Character of Dr. Johnson	ibid.
The School of Love	110
Descriptions of Love	111
Grumio, an original Character	ibid.
Debates of a Political Club	113
Anecdotes of Painting in Scotland	120
Account of the adventurous Wortley Montague	122
On the Style and Manner of History, by Voltaire	123
Speculations on historical Writings	ibid.
Positive Egotism justly ridiculed	124
The Origin of Romance in the Mind	125
Of the Love of our Country, and the Means of inspiring it	126
The Father and the Son, an affecting Relation	127
A Bon Mot	129
New and historical Anecdotes	130
Account of Englishmen in the Pay of France	131
Relation of Barillon's Intrigues at the English Court	132
Letters relative to Monmouth and Sidney	133

Interesting Particulars relative to Charles the Second	135
— Account of his last Moments	136
Description of an antique Picture found in the Ruins of Herculaneum	137
Correct List and Account of the Bishops of London	138
The Furies; a Fable. From the German of Mr. Lessing	140
The BRITISH THEATRE	ibid.
The Fable of Alonzo	141
Character and Fable of Alzuma	142
Fable of She stoops to conquer	145
Account of Foote's Primitive Puppet-Shew	146
Mathematical Correspondence	147
An infallible Receipt for the Cure of Agues at this Season	ibid.
Impartial Review of New Publications	148
POETICAL ESSAYS	149
A Humble Prayer	ibid.
A Sonnet, written at a favourite Retirement	ibid.
Prologues and Epilogues to the new Tragedies, &c.	150
MONTHLY CHRONOLOGER	152
City Address, Petition, and Remonstrance to the Throne	154
Marriages and Deaths	155
Foreign Affairs, &c.	156

With the following Embellishments,

1. An elegantly engraved Head of Dr. JOHNSON.
2. A beautiful Engraving from one of the Pictures found in the Ruins of HERCULANEUM.
- And, 3. Number XVIII. of NEW MUSIC.

LONDON, printed for R. BALDWIN, at No. 47, in Pater-noster-Row.
Of whom may be had complete Sets, from the Year 1732 to the present Time, ready bound and stitched, or any single Volume to complete Sets.

PRICES of STOCKS, &c. in MARCH, 1773.

	Bank Stock	India Stock	Sou. Sea. Stock	Old S. S. Ann.	1 per C. reduced	3 per C. Ind. Ann.	3 per C. consols	3 per C. B. 1726	pr C.B. 1751	3 1/4 B. 1758	4 P. C. Navy B. 1762	Lo. An. Prem,	Lottery Tick.	Wind Deal.	Weath. London
1	143 1/2	162	94 1/4	86	82	87	87	84 1/4		88	93 1/4	25 1/4		S W	Fair
2	143	163		86	82	87	87		84	88	93 1/4	25		S W	Fair
3	143	161	94	86	81	87	87		84	88		25		N E	Fair
4	142 1/2	161	94	85	82	87	87			88		25		WSW	Fair
5	shut	162	93 1/4	85		87	87	84 1/2		88		25		S W	Fair
6	Sunday			85		87	87			88				S S W	Fair
7														N E	Fair
8				85		87	86			88				S W	Fair
9			94	85		87	86			88		25		S W	Fair
10			94	85		87	86		84 1/2	88		25		S W	Fair
11			94	85		87	86			88		25		S E	Fair
12	142 1/4	156 1/2		85		87	86	84 1/2		88				S E	Fair
13	Sunday		94	85		87	16			88				N E	Fair
14														S E	Fair
15			94	85			96	84 1/2		86		25		N E	Fair
16				85			96		84 1/2	88		25		W	Fair
17			93 1/2	85			96			88		25		N E	Fair
18			94	85			96	84 1/2		88		25		N E	Fair
19			93	85			86	84		88		25		S W	Fair
20	Sunday			85			86			85		25		S E	Fair
21			94					84 1/2		88		25		S W	Fair
22		154 1/4	94	85			86			88		25		S W	Fair
23		155	94	85			86	84		88		25		N W	Fair
24	143 1/2			85			86	84		88		25		N W	Fair
25	143 1/4	154	94	85			86			88		25		S E	Fair
26	Sunday													S E	Fair
27														S E	Fair
28														S E	Fair
29														S E	Fair
30														S E	Fair
31														S E	Fair

AVERAGE PRICES of GRAIN, by the Standard WINCHESTER Bushel.																			
Wheat.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.	Beans.	Wheat.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.	Beans.	Wheat.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.	Beans.	Wheat.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.	Beans.
s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
3	4	3	2	3	3	4	3	2	3	3	4	3	2	3	3	4	3	2	3

THE
LONDON MAGAZINE,
FOR MARCH, 1773.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

HARLEQUIN. No. III.

IN PENETRALIA INTRO.

LUCRET.

*In vain ye shroud yourselves from heaven's bright ray ;
I pierce your walls, and drag you into day.*



WHEN I last stopped my career, I had just quitted Northumberland-house. (*See our Magazine for January.*) The appearance of this august couple did not deter me. I turned to the left, and arrived at last opposite to the door of one of those beings who are called *great men* — a term which signifies no more than that such men possess a great estate and a good office. Curious to discover how a great man might be occupied at home, I waved my wooden sword, and in an instant found myself in his apartment.

Be it known to those uninformed Englishmen who are not, like me, in the secrets of the state, that one of the ministers who sways the great empire of these kingdoms is very fondly attached to three things, viz. a little wh—re, a little guittar, and a little squirrel! The former of these he amuses himself with *when he's able*; the second he practises in the forenoon; and after dinner his hours are employed in playing with the squirrel --- and reading dispatches.

When I entered the room, it was the squirrel's hour, and his lordship was pursuing it from end to end of the room. At that moment a mes-

senger arrived at the door, requiring his lordship's attendance immediately to read dispatches which were just arrived. The valet told him he was not to be seen yet. "But the dispatches are from Germany — the partition --- provinces, kingdoms depend upon them." — "Ay, Sir, (returned the valet) but if Poland, the whole continent of Germany, Europe — ay, and Hanover too, Sir, --- depended upon it, Sir --- and were in flames, too, Sir --- my master won't be disturbed, Sir --- till he has finished his game with the *squirrel*."

So, so --- said I to myself --- if this is the case in the state, let us see what they are doing in the republic of letters. It may well be conjectured, that the drama occupied my first regard. I therefore flew to the house of the Flower of our Modern Comedy, the facetious Mr. Cumberland. Luckily, he was writing a Sentimental Comedy, and I confess an ungovernable curiosity prompted me to discover where he found those numerous moral maxims and sentiments, with which he at once instructed and astonished the public. I approached his chair, and peeped over his shoulder. The *Holy Bible* was lying open before him. Bless me! what part of this can occupy his studies? I drew nearer. It was
P 2 the

the *Book of Proverbs*. He copied so very fast, that he had now got so far as the eighth chapter, and the fourth act of his comedy was not finished. Two chapters crammed into one act! At this rate (said I) we shall have good pennyworth. --- By Shakespear! he may well be wise who speaks what Solomon spoke; and the humour of carrying us back to school is at least a new way of instructing us ---- This is *modern comedy*.

Finding the case to be so serious with poor Comedy, I bethought me of paying a visit to her sister Tragedy. But where should I go? --- Where, indeed, but to that great tragic writer, Mr. M---y. He has produced many a tragedy; and he assures us they are good ones, as I can vouch for their being long ones. He makes them as quick as he would copy briefs --- as numerous, as regular, and as unvaried.

Arrived, I threw open the doors, and entered with all the freedom and impudence of a Lincoln's-Inn counsellor. This bard also was at his studies, and it cannot be said of him that he was not found in good company; for Southerne, Rowe, Corneille, Racine, and the Greek tragedians, were spread before him on the table. Illustrious names! (if spirits are permitted to wander) how must *your* indignant spirits, while ye sit upon the clouds which surround this poet's head, view with anger and disdain the literary apothecary who is picking your bones! — "This scene shall do for this incident — dash — I make it my own. That incident shall be cooped into this act — dash — I make it my own. That simile from Racine — and that description from the Greek — and this sentiment from Corneille — I adopt them: they are mine: and, clothed in my English gauze, methinks they are twice more graceful, twenty times more enchanting." — And is it thus with you, Tragedy? Hast thou come to this complexion at last? — Ah Shakespear! Oh Otway! — Ah! Ob! Alack! Alack!

The drama thus dispatched, I was willing to know how it fared with the other departments of literature. But these being numerous, the enquiry would be tedious. I therefore

determined to go at once to the fountain-head, the *Reviews*, and collect the opinions of those who judged for all the world beside. I sought Fleet-street immediately, and made a bold march into the temple of that oracle, the *Critical Review*.

Happily, the Printer was at home. It was now the beginning of the month, and the Reviewers were assembled to receive their instructions for the subsequent number. It was indeed a damnable assemblage, and worthy of the ugly figure that presided. He sat in the center, and they stalked around him like the children of despair. Drooping, desperate, melancholy, pale, their brows (as Ossian says) were rolled in darkness, and their features bespoke a melancholy gloom. The president addressed them as follows.

"Gentlemen, I shall be very short, and very concise, and all that — and be you attentive. The great secret in reviewing is, to damn all those authors whom you know nothing about — that is to say, who are not our own friends. You must well know, gentlemen, that I, and my boy, and Long George, and all that, have extended our interest and connexions over half *the business*; now, to support this half, the other half must be damned. When I send you a new book, therefore, see whose it is; if the author is one of the enemy, give him no quarter: or even if the bookseller is not *one of us*, down with it! In order to be obeyed, we must first be feared.

"You *history-man* — I don't expect you to read your books over, whether history or antiquity, because if you did, you could not understand them: let me recommend to you, however, always to hook in an entertaining extract: study the contents well; and when you have marked out your extract, give it a head and tail-piece, and let it go.

"You *divinity-man* — well do I know, tho' you are a clergyman, you had as lief be d — n'd as read sermons; yet you must always remember to keep up the dignity of our character, and talk away as fluently about faith, grace, and the mysteries,

March
to the
d col-
udged
ought
made
f that

home.
of the
re af-
ctions
t was
, and
t pre-
d they
ildren
perate,
ws (as
knefs,
melan-
dressed

short,
— and
secret
those
othing
no are
mult
I, and
nd all
st and
usines;
e other
I send
e, see
one of
arter:
not one
order
rt be

n't ex-
over,
because
under-
end to
ook in
dy the
u have
give it
let it

do I
n, you
nd ker-
ember
r cha-
uently
mylte-
steries,





in
the
ra
co
yo
icie
don
not
Don
Don
Did
you
And

W
record
kind,
scandal
speak o
Dr.
splendic
letters,

series, as if you understood them --- about it, and about it, you know: if people don't understand it, no matter --- they will think it the more learned.

"As to you, *Belles-lettres-man*, I know you to be as great a scoundrel as exists --- and, Sir, if you don't send me your articles in better time for next month, I'll cashier you, by G---d."

Sir, (answered the *Belles-lettres man*) since we are upon the subject, I must speak out my mind --- I tell you then, Sir, that some of the tasks you assign me go confoundedly against my stomach. You order me to damn, Sir, frequently when I ought to applaud. Sir, if *you* have no conscience, I have; and much did it chagrin me, for instance, to utter so deep a damnation against the editor of the new *King Lear*, who has, *entre nous*, given the world an edition of that tragedy replete with candour, accuracy, and ingenuity. Once more, Sir, I repeat it --- if *you* have no conscience, I have.

"Conscience! (returned the president, in fury) --- conscience! --- (staring around) was ever such a scoundrel? --- conscience! Why sirrah, what business have you with conscience! or what business have you to *talk* of conscience? --- Conscience? d---mn your conscience --- don't I pay you for it? Have you not wages for your conscience? Don't you eat for your conscience? Don't you drink for your conscience? Didn't I, sirrah --- didn't I give you that coat for your conscience? And do you talk to me of conscience?"

Sirrah, let me tell you, if we admit this conscience into our reviewing, we are ruined --- dead as rats, by G-d! --- And yet, you scoundrel, though you cant to me now so loudly about conscience, you'll have the conscience to come tomorrow, perhaps, to petition me for a crown in advance --- but, d-mn me if you get it! --- So much for conscience."

Since you talk of money, Sir, (replied the hapless reviewer of *Belles-lettres*), permit me tell you that you are not so liberal of it. It is not to be denied that we *work* for half the money they receive at the other review.

"Ay, there again! (resumed the president, in high dudgeon) this is the way they ever use me. Here's a fellow now, by G--d I'll maintain it, gentlemen --- a fellow who has no more brains than a bricklayer, and yet earns more in the week than any bricklayer in town. And yet this fellow talks of wages! --- d--mn-tion! has all gratitude left the world at once? And must the liberal expect *no* return for their generosity? Why, sirrah, Smollet never grumbled in that manner --- no, never, by G---d, and I kept him on lower commons than I do you, you dog! --- In short, you scoundrel, to be plain with you --- from this moment, if ever I hear you speak another word about the lowness of your wages, or grumble in any sort, or shrug, or look sour, and all that --- by G---d I'll turn you over to *my* magazines, and there you shall starve, you dog, on *half-pay*. *Dixi*.

This much for the state of literature!

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

Short Character of Dr. JOHNSON.

(With his HEAD elegantly engraved.)

WE repeat it --- In treating of men of letters, we will not record biographical anecdotes of any kind, whether of panegyric or of scandal: As men of letters only we speak of them.

Dr. Johnson has long possessed a splendid reputation in the republic of letters, and it was honestly acquired.

His labour was unwearied, his success was undoubted, and it is crowned with a fame which posterity will not attempt to diminish.

The most laborious of his works is a Dictionary, by which he has at once extended the bounds, improved the elegance, and elucidated the genius of our unsettled and difficult language.

language. In this immense work the variety of readings is so numerous, the investigation of language is so precise, the definitions are so conclusive; and so many operations, traced through a variety of sources, are made so artfully to combine at one center, to complete one great purpose; that it appears to have required an association of scholars in its completion — But this serves to heighten our ideas of the singular genius which was alone equal to so arduous a study.

As a moralist his reputation is great, but not so unrivalled. He may be said to have improved, not extended, the system of moral philosophy. But if his ideas are not original, his style is: in this it may be objected to him, that he has neglected the simplicity of nature for the more studied decorations of art. He is frequently sonorous without melody, and aspiring without sublimity; and the pompous parade of his periods, though it may excite the admiration of the vulgar, will seldom dazzle the man of taste.

He has also displayed his abilities as a novelist and an allegorist. But in works which are dependent chiefly upon invention, his genius seems not to be active. In studies which demand strength of reasoning and force of expression, his capacity is not often deficient; but with this his fancy seldom keeps pace.

As a poet, he possesses some happy qualities. His poetical productions are few, and we regret it. Without great elevation of the fancy, or uncommon flights of the imagination, he has the art of giving that happy dignity to his sentiments, and that pointedness to his expressions, which win our attention, and gain upon our hearts. In his poetry he is not merely a poet: he is a philosopher too.

This gentleman has also shone occasionally as a wit — in the most simple and confined implication of the word. We have many of his *bons mots* upon record. These generally are not so brilliant as they are pointed: and perhaps they are not so frequently just as they are ill-natured. They consist of that happy combination of ideas which is more dependent upon the judgment than upon any other faculty.

He is said to affect a singularity in his manners, and to condemn the social rules which are established in the intercourse of civil life. If this extravagance is affected, it is a fault; if it has been acquired by the habitudes of his temper and his indolence, it scarcely merits censure. We allow to the man, who can soar so high above the multitude, to descend sometimes beneath them. It is thus nature has levelled the lot of her children.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

THE SCHOOL OF LOVE.

THOUGH we inserted in our Magazine for February *answers* to the two *questions* which were proposed in January, yet they seem to us so important that they cannot be too frequently answered. In compliance, therefore, with the request of our correspondents, we insert the following *answers* also.

QUESTION. I.

What is love?

ANSWER.

Love's the most tender passion of the mind,
The softest refuge innocence can find:

The safe director of unguarded youth,
Fraught with kind wishes and secur'd by
truth. [thrown,
Heaven in our cup this lenient drop hath
To make the nauseous draught of life go
down.

Nothing need be added to the poet's words; they are a sufficient answer to this first question.

P—ph—s. P. O. N. AMATOR.

Another ANSWER.

A correspondent, who signs herself *Anna*, recommends the following beautiful little poem as a complete answer to the same question.

Come

Come here fond youth, whoe'er thou be,
That boasts to love as well as me;
And if thy breast has felt so wide a wound,
Come hither and thy flame approve;
I'll teach thee what it is to love,
And by what marks true passion may be found.

It is to be all bathed in tears;
To live upon a smile for years;
To lie whole ages at a beauty's feet:
To kneel, to languish and implore;
And still, though she disdain, adore:
It is to do all this, and think thy sufferings
sweet.

It is to gaze upon her eyes
With eager joy and fond surprize;
Yet temper'd with such chaste and awful fear
As wretches feel who wait their doom;
Nor must one ruder thought presume
Though but in whispers breath'd to meet her
ear.

It is to hope, though hope were lost;
Though heaven and earth thy passion cross;
Though she were bright as sainted queens
above,
And thou the least and meanest swain
That folds his flock upon the plain,
Yet if thou dar'st not hope, thou dost not love.

It is to quench thy joy in tears;
To nurse strange doubts and groundless
fears:

If pangs of jealousy thou hast not prov'd,
Though she were fonder and more true
Than any nymph old poets drew,
Oh never dream again that thou hast lov'd.

If when the darling maid is gone,
Thou dost not seek to be alone,
Wrapt in a pleasing trance of tender woe;
And muse and fold thy languid arms,
Feeding thy fancy on her charms,
Thou dost not love, for love is nourish'd so.

If any hopes thy bosom share
But those which love has planted there,
Or any cares but his thy breast enthrall
Thou never yet his power hast known;
Love sits on a despotic throne,
And reigns a tyrant, if he reigns at all.

Now if thou art so lost a thing,
Here all thy tender sorrows bring,
And prove whose patience longest can endure:
We'll strive whose fancy shall be lost
In dreams of fondest passion most,
For if thou thus hast lov'd, oh never hope a
cure.

Answer to QUESTION II.

A respectful behaviour is generally
an indication of love; 'tis not till
the nuptial noose is tied that men
show themselves tyrants. The lover
is always ready to take the opportu-
nity of approaching as near as pos-
sible to the beloved object, and if he
has not made an open declaration of
his passion to the fair object of it,
he cautiously and often fixes his eyes
upon her, and as if afraid they should
speak the language of his heart too
plainly (at an improper season). If
her's happen to meet them, he hangs
his head and blushes. Cælia says, the
swain, she mentions, has published
her praise in verses in the Magazines:
this is not incompatible with love;
and thought he is destitute of a fortune
and she possesses one, I think, I may
venture to conclude, he is a respectful
lover.

Cælia's hearty wellwisher,

P—ph—s. P. O. N. AMATOR.

New QUESTIONS proposed.

I. My father insists that I marry a
man whom I do not love, and whom
(I think) it is impossible I ever could
love. How shall I resolve in this dif-
ficult dilemma?

II. My husband and I have lived
happily for seven years. Of late his
affections have begun to wander from
me: I do not know upon what ac-
count, but I fear there is some other
woman behind the screen.—In any
case, what am I to do?

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

No. IV. OF ORIGINAL CHARACTERS.

GRUMIO.

THE field of human nature is
unbounded. In our travels over
it, we never approach nearer to the
end; and the farther we advance,
the prospects become more extensive,
and discoveries rise upon us in greater
abundance.

Every situation of life exhibits va-
rious degrees of misery or of discon-
tent; but, of all others, the most
desperate, the most distracting, the
most piteous, is that in which a man
finds himself, when he imagines so-
ciety

ciety to have declared war against him. In such a situation is GRUMIO.

GRUMIO belongs to the church — a school where nature seldom gets fair play. Nature made him weak; and education made him illiberal, hypocritical, and wicked. These qualities, however, did not prevent his advancement in the house of God — for he is now a rector.

A good physiognomist would examine his face only three minutes, to perceive his character. His figure, like his soul, is contracted; yet it is long — and just long enough to make him hideous. He strides along with those awkward gestures which a boy uses when he walks upon stilts. His face, like his figure, is long, sharp, and unpromising, and his dry skin hangs over it loosely shrivelled, like Ezekiel's roll.

The ruling idea which actuates the mind of GRUMIO is destructive of his peace wherever he goes. He believes that the world has conspired against his life. The character of a self-tormentor is not new, but this species certainly is. The death he expects to meet with from mankind is by poison; and so firmly is he attached to this opinion, that he suspects every meat that he eats, every liquor that he drinks, in company with either strangers or friends. He rises from the table in haste and in wrath; his pale cheek becomes more pale; he feels the poison glowing in his veins; it gains upon him; he spits, he raves, he laments, and he is within three seconds of death. Exhausted at length by folly, and by age, he recovers and devoutly thanks God that he has once more saved him from the snares of his enemies, all mankind.

Indeed, this painting seems to be extravagant, but it is a faithful copy from the life; and as I love truth, I do not wish my readers to doubt of it. — GRUMIO does me the honour to rank me among his acquaintance. He called for me the other day; and, with his thumb (as usual) fastened to his upper jaw, said to me, "My

dear Sir, if I *have* a friend in the world, I believe it is you."

Sir, (answered I) I regard myself in that light. But where have you been?

"Been! (he replied) — I have but three minutes to live in this world, and I have just stepped in to take my leave of you before I die. — I am poisoned."

Poisoned! (said I) bless me! 'tis impossible!

"Not at all (answered Grumio.) I was but drinking tea at —; and while I was looking round me, the *whipt* the arsenic into the dish, and now it consumes me like a furnace. — Look in here (*opening his mouth*) don't you see every thing livid, parched, and eaten away?

Yes.

"The teeth are dropping?"

Yes.

"The gums rotten?"

Yes.

"Is it not certain death?"

Yes.

He then threw himself upon a chair, burst into loud lamentations, and wept and blubbered like an infant.

Yet not this alone makes GRUMIO wretched. He is also avaricious in the extreme. He adds the meanness of the most contracted penury, to the ridicule of the most extravagant folly. All his distresses arise from two sources — the love of money, and the fear of poison.

I have mentioned that he possesses a rectory. It is that of H — in Kent. To avoid the expences of house-keeping he seldom resides there; preferring to it a cheap and dirty garret in a winding alley in town. However, being informed that he had a cold, he retired to his rectory a few days ago — *to swallow honey without poison in it.*

The singularity of this character struck other observers besides me; for his figure is represented, among other whimsical beings, in the print-shops. That engraving, and this description, have given him the same characteristics.

DEBATES OF A POLITICAL CLUB.

Continued from page 68 of our last.

DEC. 9. This day, the Speaker having left the chair, Sir Charles Whitworth (chairman of the committee of ways and means) received from Lord Barrington, secretary at war, the estimate of the army accounts for the year ensuing. After it was presented, Mr. Thomas Townshend rose, and said, I do not wish to trouble the House to-day, if it is improper; but I hope on some future day they will examine into the management of our troops in the West-Indies, and particularly into the nature of an extraordinary expedition, at a dangerous season of the year, to St. Vincent's. I am informed, Sir, and from very good authority, that some regiments have been sent, without tents or camp equipage, to that island, and have slept in the woods without covering. Surely, Sir, when the British troops are thus employed, it will deter young men of birth and education from entering into our marching regiments: they already seem averse to the service, and get commissions either in the guards or cavalry. However, as it seems this business is improper to-day, I hope the House will examine particularly into the expedition to St. Vincent's, which to me, I confess, appears a breach of national honour.

Mr. Trecothick. — The honourable gentleman over the way has very justly opened a matter which, in my poor opinion, deserves the serious consideration of parliament. I feel, Sir, for the honour of the British nation. I think it is at stake, while a scene of iniquity and cruelty is transacting at St. Vincent's on the defenceless natives, under the authority of *this* government. The poor Caribbs! the last remains of the Aborigines from South America are to be totally extirpated! A regiment after regiment is sent upon disgraceful service, and those regiments unprovided. Let us know the cause of those hostilities against a March, 1773.

defenceless, innocent, and inoffensive people! About forty years past, a ship loaded with negroes from the coast of Guinea was wrecked upon that island: it was a fortunate accident for them. They incorporated with the natives, and against those you are exercising the barbarities of the Spaniards against the Mexicans! Sir, I hope this business will be enquired into in a serious manner, as I think it materially affects the honour of the British flag.

Mr. Richard Whitworth. — I agree with the honourable gentleman behind me, that an enquiry should be made, as soon as possible, into the nature of a very extraordinary expedition indeed to the island of St. Vincent. I have received a letter from an intimate acquaintance, who is employed upon that dishonourable service; and he assures me, Sir, that the Caribbs are up in arms, and too well disciplined to be subdued without superior force. Before we pretend to extirpate those poor people, we should examine our right. The French ceded only part of the island to us; that part was their property, and they had a right to cede it; but what claim have we to the other? It is divided only by a river, and nothing but the most wanton cruelty can induce us to dispossess the inoffending natives from their country.

Lord North. — This is foreign to the business of the day. An estimate of the army accounts is presented by the secretary of war for the necessary supplies; but I am very willing an enquiry should be set on foot into the affair of St. Vincent's, and the House shall have every information that is in my power to give them.

Colonel Barre. — The worthy Alderman, as an English merchant, is very justly alarmed for the honour of the British flag, and I think the enquiry cannot be brought on at a more proper time than the present. I am sure

sure the honourable gentleman opposite to me (Mr. Townshend) will not abandon it, and I think it peculiarly behoves administration to vindicate themselves. If they are justifiable in what they have done, it is their duty, as well as interest, to finish the business at once. If they cannot justify themselves, then, Sir, it is the duty of this House to probe the foul transaction to the bottom. But, unhappily, we are reduced from the lofty strain of loud remonstrance to the insignificance of soft murmuring! Where is the British spirit gone? Sir, the noble Lord in office has given in (pardon me if I say) an imperfect account. An honourable gentleman (Mr. Richard Whitworth) assures you, that the Caribbs are in arms. Will any of you pretend to say they are not in the right? No! they are fighting for liberty, and every English heart must applaud them. In times of profound peace, our troops that have bravely fought, and bravely conquered, are sent at the worst season of the year, unprovided, to attack a handful of men, the natives of the island, who have done you no injury. One of those regiments I had the honour to serve in fourteen or fifteen years; and if it is a reflection on me for having a particular affection for that regiment, I accept the charge, and think the crime is no dishonour to me. Sir, that regiment is miserably reduced; nor is that attention paid to our troops on that service which they merit. Surely, Sir, they have the first claim to preferment; they have cheerfully gone forth to meet the enemy, and like soldiers hazarded their lives. They are now sentenced to linger out the remainder of their days in the West-Indies, and lose what is dearer to them than their lives (for life is nothing to a soldier) their constitution. Sir, the governor in one of the islands, in order to celebrate the anniversary of his sovereign's birth-day, ordered the garrison under arms, and paying the proper compliment to the commanding sea-officer, a heavy shower of rain fell in the interim; the men, two thirds of them, were taken ill, and one fourth of them perished! — If they live to return, they return to starve upon the pitiful interest or pay of their commissions. I knew, Sir, a

worthy and deserving officer as ever wore a sword; I knew him deserving of preferment, and when the majority was vacant in his regiment, recommended him to the secretary at war and commander in chief. From the former I had indeed little to expect; I had no favours to ask or expect of him; but to the commander in chief I mentioned this officer as a man of merit. I know, Sir, that in a great nation like ours, it is impossible to provide for every man of merit; but I shall ever think it my duty to keep a list, and point out to the gentlemen in office, at least while I have the honour to be in the service, those who do. This officer, Sir, notwithstanding his claim of *merit* and *seniority*, had not the other *inestimable* qualification of *MONEY*; therefore a younger officer was put over his head.

Lord Barrington. — I beg pardon of the House for troubling them; but I wish the honourable gentleman would have explained himself. As to the officer, I believe he alludes to the 3d regiment. I remember the circumstance, and I own I cannot justify it. If I mistake not, the matter was mentioned to the commander in chief. I recollect that another officer purchased, but he was in the same regiment. He could not, indeed, go out to the West-Indies, and we indulged him by letting him change with a half-pay major, who would readily go out to the regiment. As to the discouragement which the honourable gentleman behind me mentions of men of birth and education going into the marching regiments, I believe it is generally true, because the guards and cavalry are more lucrative. The marching regiments are more likely to make them better soldiers, from the service they are engaged in; but we have very good soldiers made at home. (Here a loud laugh.) With respect to the regiment at St. Vincent's, and the propriety of that measure, that matter will be argued hereafter. General Gage sent from America two regiments with tents, &c. All those necessaries accompanied the sixth regiment from Plymouth, and if they find them necessary at St. Vincent's, they will be used; if not, they will be forwarded to Gen. Gage. I am sure very cogent reasons will be given

the expedition to St. Vincent's; and nothing but cogent reasons can justify such a measure. I acted only ministerially. The secretary of state demanded assistance to be sent: I remonstrated to him, (if the honourable gentleman likes that word) that it was a bad season of the year, and it would endanger the troops. He answered, the necessity of it justified the measure, and the men must be sent. If I refused, I must have resigned, and (*Col. Barre interrupting him, softly said,* "and that *you* would not do") I am very clear that *cogent* reasons will be given for this measure.

Col. Barre.—I only rise to beg pardon of the noble Lord, and acknowledge my error: I really take shame to myself for hurrying him into this confusion and difficulty. As to the mistake, though he has his doubts, I hope the House will discover it in his disturbing the respectable ashes of the dead. I am far from pressing him too closely; but he says that the secretary of state *ordered* him! Perhaps the noble Lord is averse upon those occasions to *negatives*; but I am told, that in the War-office no man is more capable of whispering, in a *soft, complaisant, and easy* manner, *No!* than his Lordship. — I wish he would now and then muster up courage to say *No!* like a man, upon more important occasions. I think he has, with very few intervals, contrived, by an admirable dexterity known only to himself, to be employed sixteen or seventeen years, and by this time I should suppose he is at least *half* a soldier himself. He should feel for the honour of the service, and not devote troops, who have served in the war, to destruction, unpitied, in the West-Indies; but he acts only *ministerially*, and he says, if he *refuses*, he must resign; and, disagreeable as the *one* may be to his Lordship, the *other* is infinitely more so.

Lord Barrington --- If the honourable gentleman will recollect, I informed him that I *remonstrated* to the secretary of state, and that the reason alleged for the extraordinary measure was *necessity*. Those reasons, I am persuaded, will be given to the House on a future day. The secretary at war is not in the cabinet, and

he receives his majesty's orders from the secretary of state.

Mr. Thomas Townshend.---The noble Lord, I remember some time past, informed us there was no such thing as a cabinet council, and now he complains that the cabinet doors are shut against him! He assures us, that, if he refuses the orders of a secretary of state, he must quit his office, which to *him* I have no doubt would be the most *painful* thing imaginable. In this case, the secretary at war has only to receive orders, bow, and obey, however repugnant they may be to the honour of the service. Sir, I hope we shall know, on some future day, those *cogent* reasons which justify a cruel outrage against humanity. Such a spirit of gaming is gone forth, that I assert, Sir, the rapacity of the planters in St. Vincent's is nearly connected with that rage for making of fortunes by the most destructive means, which gave such a shock to public credit in the course of last summer; and some step should be taken to limit their dangerous ambition and uncommon avarice.

Welbore Ellis.---I hear much of the humanity and beneficence of gentlemen in this House for the *Caribbs* and *soldiery*; but not a word for the poor planters, who have quitted their country and friends, and at a great expence purchased plantations of the public. Those people are entitled to protection also, and it is the duty of government to assist them with troops when their property is in danger.

Lord George Germaine.---I am astonished, Sir, to hear an honourable gentleman complain, that the planters are not sufficiently protected. Before this expedition, they had six battalions; and will any gentleman pretend to say, that six battalions are not garrison enough for them? I have authority to assert, that the whole number of the *Caribbs* does not amount to 500 men, yet we are sending regiment after regiment to sacrifice, hunt down, and destroy those unfortunate people! Sir, I never was in that country, but the climate I am told is exceedingly bad. I am told, Sir, that if our men are exposed one night to the weather they will perish. One campaign would inevitably destroy our troops; and let me tell

you, Sir, that as men are so scarce to be had, we should not be so lavish of them. I recollect a circumstance that happened to one of our ships of war (the *Phoenix*) on her arrival at St. Vincent's: the captain was civilly invited on shore by the governor; the boat that carried him on shore had seven hands, and out of the seven, six returned on board sick, and died. After that, an officer and nine men went on shore to guard the water casks, and seven of them died. Such, Sir, is the climate that we are sending our troops to! The two regiments, which the noble Lord says are sent from North America, have tents; but those tents, Sir, cannot preserve the men from excessive heats and damps, and we are destroying our men without a certainty of being able to recruit them. Men are so scarce, from the continual drains of army and navy, and colonization, that I am assured we shall soon, unless some remedy is adopted, be in a miserable situation. Besides, what encouragement have men to enter in the service? To live, pardon me, to starve upon six-pence a day? The soldiers pay since the first institution of an army has never been raised; the officers has repeatedly, but the soldiers never. No, Sir, in the famous Tyrone rebellion in Ireland, when the Spaniards landed in that country, the soldiers had six-pence a day; and now, notwithstanding the great difference in the two periods, and dearness of provisions, they have no more. Indeed, Sir, I am astonished how they live; and, considering our situation, I think we ought to be extremely cautious how we employ our troops: I hope, as the noble Lord assures us they can, that the secretaries of state will furnish us with those *cogent* reasons, which could render such a slaughter of men, and waste of public money, necessary in time of profound peace.

Here the debate ended, and the supply was voted for 17,070 men.

Dec. 10. This day the House, in a general committee, sat on the enquiry into the prices of barley and malt, and the quantity consumed by the distiller. Mr. Onslow was voted into the chair, when Mr. Hankey, a master at Ware, Mr. Smith, Mr. Scot,

and Mr. Combrune, were examined at the bar. The first evidence took some time in examining, and declared that he verily believed, that stopping the malt distillery would cause the price of barley to fall 4s. a quarter. He informed the committee, that he was well acquainted with the state of the corn sowed and produced in the three counties of Essex, Hertfordshire, and Cambridgeshire, and that he also frequented Bear-key.

Mr. Smith was asked by Mr. Prescott and Lord North, whether, upon reflection, he still persisted in the opinion he gave at the bar last Tuesday se'nnight, namely, "that stopping the malt distillery would not sink the price of barley more than 1s. a quarter." He replied, he saw not the least reason to alter that opinion; and that indeed, in his own private sentiments, he did not conceive it would lower it more than 6d. but he took the matter in the largest light when he said 1s. He was particularly questioned about his calculations of the number of inhabitants throughout England, and the quantity of provisions, bread, and nutriment consumed, when he gave very satisfactory answers.

Mr. Scot declared, that from the knowledge he had acquired, as a distiller and brewer, of the quantity of barley produced, and the quantity that would be thrown into the market, if the corn distillery was stopped, it would lower its price 2s. a quarter.

Mr. Combrune was exceedingly intelligent upon the subject: he read to the committee a monthly account of malt in the year 1757, when the corn distillery was last stopped, and in the year 1760, when the prohibition ceased; as likewise a medium state of its average price for the years 1756, 1758, and 1759: whence it appeared, that the prevention of the corn distillery at that time, when an infinitely larger quantity of malt was distilled than at present, did not at all lower the price of barley; but, on the contrary, it was much lower in the year the prohibition ceased. Mr. Combrune informed the committee, that he computed that five millions of quarters of barley were annually produced, and that one fiftieth part was consumed by the distillers. He informed them, likewise, by what rule he made his calcu-

calculations, which was admitted to be a rational one, and by that rule he declared he did not conceive, that preventing the malt distillery would alter the price of barley in the least, at the same time that it would certainly affect the brewer.

After Mr. Combrune had withdrawn, Lord North got up and repeated the substance of what he had said before on the subject, with some additional observations on the evidence yesterday examined. He took notice of the state of the price of barley in 1757, as recited by Mr. Combrune, and informed the committee, that they had two facts to form their resolution by: the one, the real failure of the desired effect, when the prohibition last took place; the other, the well-known quantity of bad and damaged barley, the produce of the last harvest, which could be consumed only by the distillers, and which would consequently be wasted, if a prevention of the corn distillery took place. He recited, from authentic papers, the amount of the last year's revenue from the distillery, and the amount of distillery revenue in 1757, when the duty was less, and the quantity distilled infinitely larger than it now is. He also informed the committee of the alteration of the revenue which arose in 1758, from the additional quantity of melasses distilled on account of the malt distillery being prohibited, when, as his Lordship stated it, it did not appear that the revenue amounted to half the sum it did before the corn distillery was stopped. As therefore he did not think, from the evidence given at the bar, that the prohibiting the malt distillery would lower the price of barley, cause more beer to be drank, and encourage or enable the brewers to brew larger quantities of beer, (which they now declare they can hardly afford to brew at all) his Lordship moved that the committee do make the following resolution, viz.

"That the distillery from wheat and wheat flour being already prohibited by law, to extend that prohibition at present to the distillery from barley and malt would not tend materially towards reducing the price of corn."

Mr. Hussey spoke in reply to Lord North, and expressed his desire, that

his Lordship would not make that motion, but would rather move for the committee being adjourned till after Christmas, when they could enquire further into the subject. He justified this his objection to the motion, by observing upon the contradictoriness of the evidence delivered at the bar that day; one of the witnesses giving it as his opinion, that the stopping the corn distillery would lower the price of barley 4s. per quarter, another 1s. a third 2s. and Mr. Combrune nothing at all. All their calculations he thought were uncertain and fallacious. Mr. Combrune had indeed given the most probable right rule of computing, and the only specious one that had been laid before the committee; but that, from what he had learnt and heard relative to the subject, he thought Mr. Combrune egregiously deceived in supposing only a fiftieth part of the growth of barley was consumed in the distillery: he supposed a full twentieth part was annually distilled; that he differed with the noble Lord in opinion, as to the loss the revenue would sustain; it appeared to him, that little or no loss would be sustained: he therefore wished that the present motion was withdrawn.

Lord North answered him by saying, that he made the motion on evident facts; that two days had been spent in enquiring into the matter; that persons experienced on the subject had been examined; and that it was highly necessary the public should be informed what parliament had, from a proper investigation and enquiry, determined upon; and that the brewer and distiller might also know what they had to trust to; but that the carrying of the resolution he had moved for would by no means prevent the matter being again agitated in the future part of the session, if any fresh intelligence should be got at. The motion was carried without a division.

Dec. 11. The House being in a committee of ways and means, Sir Charles Whitworth reported, That it was the opinion of that committee, that a land tax of three shillings in the pound be levied in that part of Great Britain called England and Wales, and town of Berwick upon Tweed,

Tweed, and also a proportionable tax in Scotland.

Col. Jennings. — However singular I may be in my opinion with respect to this tax, I shall however object to it most heartily from principle, because I consider it at this time, and so do many country gentlemen, as a most heavy, unjust, and oppressive tax. In time of war, I know, Sir, a very extraordinary expence is incurred, and on the conclusion of an expensive war the nation may be in arrears; but it has always been understood, that the continuation of the land-tax for two or three years afterwards has been sufficient to discharge them. I think, Sir, that three shillings are too much, that two shillings are fully sufficient, especially after eleven or twelve years glorious peace, as administration call it. The king's speech also assures us of peace, yet the nation is to be burthened with an extraordinary tax. But, Sir, we may readily perceive for what purpose this money is extorted from us. It is, Sir, for the purposes of corruption. Men, who have enjoyed lucrative and important offices, must not be dismissed without pensions; others are solicited to succeed them, and gratuities are given for their *condescension* to do so. It is become the fashion now for men not to quit or accept of offices without being pensioned or rewarded. In such manner, Sir, is our public money disposed of, and the whole nation is dissatisfied with the manner. I am therefore against the supply of three shillings, and most sincerely say No! to it.

Here the affair dropt. The speaker resumed the chair, and Mr. T. Townshend addressed the House to the following purpose:

There can be very little occasion to remind this House of what I am certain is at present so fresh in their memories: I mean the subject of the propriety of sending out an armed force to St. Vincent's in order to make war on the wretched natives, nor of the noble Lord's promise, at the same time, that we should have every satisfactory information on this head that could be possibly desired. In the motion I am about to make, I would avoid every appearance of any thing particular or personal, having

nothing in my intentions, but that the question, without any relation to party spirit, may be fairly and openly discussed. It is for that reason, therefore, that I shall state it in general terms, to which, in my opinion, there can be no objection. It is true, indeed, that in treating with foreign states, when any request of this nature is made, there may be many plausible reasons assigned for the difficulties attending such a compliance, both in point of delicacy and delay; but in the present instance nothing of that nature can be pleaded. We are not afraid, that such an enquiry as the present will be the means of disclosing the secrets of the cabinet to the unfortunate Caribbs, or that they are likely to know any thing of the matter. I know the ministry despise the rest of Europe: I should therefore be extremely glad to discover what it is that is so dangerous in the appearance of those handitti, as to claim the attention of administration in so singular a manner, and who, by the whole tenor of their conduct, have shewn an inattention to every thing besides.

Lord North. --- I rise to inform the gentleman who spoke last, that I am now extremely ready to comply with what he now desires. I should have readily thanked him, and given him credit for his professions of *moderation* and *impartiality*, if he had not unhappily, in the midst of those professions, (by way of parenthesis) put the ministry in mind of an improper *attention* on the point under consideration, and an *inattention* to every other part of our duty. Such a prejudging of the case by no means gives me a favourable opinion of the impartiality of a person who is to be a judge. However, every necessary paper shall be laid before this House; and I make no doubt but then, on a candid perusal, every objection hitherto started will fall to the ground.

The motion was accordingly agreed to, and, being delivered by Mr. Townshend to the Speaker, was read to the following effect: That his majesty be addressed by this House to lay before them a copy of the several papers relative to the sending an armed force to St. Vincent's, and the orders issued by the secretaries of state for that purpose.

This

This business being ended, Mr. Dowdeswell rose, and spoke as follows:

Mr. Speaker, being requested by a friend to propose to the House a plan, which I think of great consequence to the inferior orders of the people, I must, however unequal to the task, beg your indulgence while I explain its nature and its advantages. The plan is intended for the relief of the labouring poor in their old age, when nature begins to fail and sink under the burdens which it withstood with difficulty during the vigour of youth. It is well known that many of our artificers, manufacturers, and labourers, can in the prime of life, when fully employed all the week, and not pressed by the wants of a family, earn more than is necessary for their own support. If they cannot, what will become of them when burdened with a wife and six or seven children? It is equally well known, that, having no prospect of securing an independence, most of them live from hand to mouth, labouring no more than is necessary for their own support, or, if they do, consuming its fruits in idleness, drunkenness, and gaming. Now it has been imagined by a friend of mine, who has turned this matter in his thoughts, and who would have explained his idea to you much more fully and clearly than I can pretend to do, that, if parishes were enabled, by act of parliament, to receive small sums voluntarily offered by labouring and manufacturing parishioners, and to lay out the aggregate sum (not to be less than five hundred pounds in any case) in the three per cents. there to accumulate at compound interest, and to yield to male contributors, after having passed their fiftieth year, and not before, a certain fixed sum specified in the tables to be annexed to the act. I say, it was imagined by my friend, by me and other gentlemen whom he consulted; that consequences very beneficial to the poor, and to the public in general, would result from it. On account of the casualties to which females are liable, particularly because they may be left widows with children, it was thought reasonable that their annuities should commence at an earlier period; but the exact time must be left, as indeed the whole plan

must, to the determination of the committee appointed by the House to prepare this matter for its inspection. The first idea was to render these annuities not transferable, that Avarice might not have it in her power to gain by the necessities and miseries of the poor; but that notion was soon abandoned upon considering that many circumstances, such as legacies, or other tickets in the wheel of Fortune, might render it eligible for annuitants to sell out, in order to put their money to a better use; and that by obliging every annuitant, before he sold out, to let the parish have the refusal, every material inconvenience would be avoided.

Having thus briefly unfolded the plan, permit me to say a few words of its advantages, and the probability of its success.

In the first place, the poor will be gainers, not only because the plan will make some provision for their old age, but because the prospect of future comfort, by the means of sobriety and industry, will actually render them sober and industrious, and thus beget a habit, which will make their bodies more healthy, their lives longer, and their happiness greater.

In the second place, the public will be a gainer; because its wealth depends upon the general stock of industry, which is here encreased as well by the general encrease of industry, as by that waste of lives which it is calculated to prevent. It is surprising how soon a labourer in the decline of life wears out. Every gentleman, who has had occasion to employ workmen, must be sensible of this truth. Now, if in their youth they treasure up in this fund the difference between what they can earn and what they spend, they will have in their old age wherewithal to live by in a bad day, which, if they had been forced by hard necessity to work, might have suddenly put an end to their lives, and snatched them from their friends and their country.

Nor is this the only light in which this scheme will be found advantageous to the public. Consider the vast sums raised upon the people for the support of the poor. Heavy as our other taxes are, the poor's rates in many places are heavier than any other tax.

Is not then a proposal, that promises to lighten this burden, to be received with open arms? Here no party, no faction is concerned. On other subjects good men will sometimes differ, and differ too with warmth: on this, which if practicable will prove beneficial to all, I hope we shall all agree.

That it is practicable, and will be adopted, particularly in manufacturing towns, I have reason to conclude, not only from the general face of the plan itself, but also from conversation with the leading men of several of our manufactories, who have informed me that the earnings of the manufacturers, when they apply all the week to business, greatly exceed their consumption, and that accordingly plans somewhat similar, but upon an infe-

rior scale, have been adopted by many clubs and societies. Is there not reason then to hope, that this idea will become general, that the spirit of industry will be diffused, and that the weight, which now presses upon housekeepers, will be rendered more easy? Will not legacies and charitable contributions sometimes encrease the fund, and accelerate its well-meant operations? It is common for people, who have been successful in trade, to leave money for the relief of the poor of their parish. And where can they leave it with a greater prospect of serving mankind, than in a fund which bears compound interest?

Mr. Rice seconded the motion, which was carried *nem. con.*

[To be continued.]

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

ANECDOTES OF PAINTING IN SCOTLAND.

THERE seems to have been a taste for painting in the reign of James V. There are portraits of that prince in a good stile. He caused to be drawn a full-length picture of his natural son when a child. The original was destroyed with the house belonging to the family of Errol, anno 1585; but there is a good copy still remaining, supposed to be the work of a French painter.

When Lord Seton went ambassador to the Spanish Netherlands, during the regency of Mary of Guise, he became acquainted with the celebrated Sir Anthony More of Utrecht, who was so delighted with the good taste of this nobleman, that he begged to accompany him in his return to Scotland; and during his stay there, he executed a family piece for Lord Seton on timber. This was so valuable a painting, that when Charles I. was in Scotland, 1633, and being at Seton-house, his majesty, during the time of dinner, had his eyes constantly fixed on this picture; which the earl of Winton observing, offered it in a present to the king; but he declined accepting it, saying, that he would never rob the family of so inestimable a jewel. This picture is still in Scotland.

There are many original pictures of

the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, but are thought to have been done while she was in France.

There are said to be portraits of James VI. done before he went to England; but we may look upon Jamieson as the first great genius that appeared in that reign. He was a native of Aberdeen, went abroad, and studied in the school of Rubens; he was co-disciple with Vandyke, and returned to Scotland in 1628, where he remained till his death, 1640. In 1633, when Charles I. held a parliament at Edinburgh, and as it was then the custom for the king, together with the nobility and other members, to ride in procession from the palace to the parliament-house, the magistrates of Edinburgh, desirous to pay a compliment to the king's taste in painting, begged of Jamieson to allow them the use of as many of the portraits done by him as could be gathered together. These were hung up on each side of the Netherbow-port, the gate through which the cavalcade was to pass. This exhibition so attracted the king's attention, that he stopped his horse for a considerable time, and expressed his admiration of the good painting, and remarked the likeness to some of those they were done for.

This

This was a lucky circumstance for Jamieson; for the king, while at Edinburgh, sat to a full-length picture; and having heard that Jamieson had been accustomed to wear his hat while at work, by reason of a complaint in his head, his majesty very humanely ordered him to be covered, which privilege Jamieson ever after thought himself entitled to in whatever company he was. Jamieson's colouring is admirable, his stile soft and agreeable, but falls short of the strength of Vandyke. He had few or no disciples, excepting one of the name of Alexander, who drew a picture of Sir George M'Kenzie, when king's advocate, at full length in his robes.

The painter in repute in Scotland, in Charles II.'s time, was the elder Scougal, who imitated Sir Peter Lely in his drapery. He was very successful in hitting the likenesses, and there are portraits done by him almost in every family in Scotland. He had a son George, whom he bred a painter, who is known by the name of the Younger Scougal, but is greatly inferior to the father. There was a foreigner called Corrudes at this time in Scotland, who did many pictures in a good stile. And James, duke of York, afterwards James II. when the palace of Holyroodhouse was finished, engaged De Witt, a Flemish painter, to come to Scotland to ornament the gallery of that palace --- a very great work; for there are in it no fewer than one hundred and twenty portraits, nineteen of which are full lengths. This painter had a fertile imagination, and a ready pencil; for the heads of the ancient kings must have been ideal: the later kings are copies of originals, or taken from descriptions given of them by our historians. If these pictures were cleaned and put in repair, they might have a place in any sovereign's palace; but they are decaying, and will ere long be no more. He painted the ceilings and chimney-pieces of several of the apartments of that palace. There are likewise many of his works at Glamis, at Castle-Lyon, and at Clerkintoun in Mid-Lothian. He drew many portraits for the families of distinction in Scotland. His talent lay in historical compositions. De Witt was well employed till the Revolution in 1688; March, 1773.

but was then dismissed from being employed by the public, without complete payment for his work, and remained in Scotland till his death.

For some time after the Revolution, there were few painters. The Younger Scougal was the only one, and his great run of business brought him into an incorrect manner, void of expression. His carelessness occasioned many complaints by his employers; but he gave for answer, that they might seek others, well knowing there were none to be found at that time in Scotland.

The next painter who appeared in Scotland was Nicolas Hude, a native of France, who had been in great repute at Paris, and one of the directors of the French academy; but on the revocation of the edict of Nantz, 1685, was banished, and took up his residence in London; but neither his sufferings on account of religion, nor the compliments he paid to King William, could avail him, till William, first duke of Queensberry, brought him to Scotland, and employed him about the palace of Drumlanrig. His genius led to history rather than to portrait painting; but he was forced to practise the latter for a livelihood. Had his natural turn been favoured with an easy fortune, he would have excelled any that had gone before him in Scotland. His invention was good, his drawing correct, and his manner agreeable. The portraits done by him were out of the common stile, and set off by touches of historical composition. He resembled Rubens so nearly, that it is difficult to distinguish the works of the one from the other. Though this painter had merit as an honest man, and a good artist, yet it is said he died in distressed circumstances.

About 1703, some of the Scotch nobility met with Jean Baptiste Medina, a native of Brussels, residing at London, whom they invited to come to Scotland, and in a few years after he was knighted by the duke of Queensberry, commissioner to the parliament. Sir John had applied himself at first to historical compositions; but finding small encouragement that way, he turned to portrait painting, in which he succeeded so well, that he equalled any of his predecessors. His manner is free, easy and bold, which

succeeded better in mens than in womens portraits, and for this reason, to do his works justice, they must be viewed at a distance; witness the portraits in the Surgeons hall at Edinburgh. He must have wrought with great facility and expedition, for he filled the country with portraits in six or seven years, having died in the year 1710.

Mr. Paton, a miniature drawer in black and white, justly deserves to be remembered in the foregoing period. He drew a very great number of small pictures from life, and also copied from portraits, which are remarkable for likeness and a lively expression. The ornaments, such as the hair, wigs, cravats, and necklaces, are finished with such minute exactness, that they will bear the inspection by a magnifier with advantage.

Upon the death of Sir John Medina, 1710, Mr. William Aikman happened just to return from Italy, and was much employed for thirteen years. He improved greatly by practice: at first his manner was cold, but afterwards became soft and easy: he was particularly lucky in giving graceful airs and genteel likenesses to his ladies. His patron, John Duke of Argyle, persuaded him to leave Scotland and go to London, where he further improved his colouring, by an imitation of Sir Godfrey Kneller. Mr. Aikman's genteel taste and performances introduced him to the acquaintance of the duke of Devonshire and Lord Burlington, and had not death cut him off in the prime of his life, in the year 1733, he might have attained to the reputation of one of the first-rate painters that had appeared in Britain.

The duke of Tuscany made a collection of all the portraits which painters had executed of themselves: among these is to be found that of our countryman, Mr. Aikman, in the gallery at Florence.

From 1708 to 1723, Richard Wait, a scholar of the younger Scougal, pro-

fessed portrait-painting in Scotland; but his genius leading him to the painting pieces of still life, he practised that branch, in which he greatly excelled. He used to copy from nature with a surprising ease and freedom; so that he may justly be thought to have surpassed any of his brethren who had gone before him in Britain. Cotemporary with Wait was George Marshall, also a scholar of Scougal, and afterwards of Sir Godfrey Kneller; who is remarkable for good colouring, though there is a flatness in his pictures which displeases. After long practice in Scotland he went to Italy; but his travels produced no improvements in his works. He died about 1732.

John Alexander, a descendant of the celebrated Jamieson, spent his younger days in Italy, mostly at Florence, about the court of Cosmo de Medicis. Upon his return to Scotland, he executed several poetical and historical ornaments at Gordon-castle, and professed portrait-painting. He made drawings of some of Raphael's paintings in the Vatican, and published prints of them. This painter's favourite subject was Mary Queen of Scots; and, towards the latter part of his life, he began a historical landscape of the escape of that unfortunate and injured princess from her confinement at Lochleven. The landscape of the lake, castle, and adjacent hills, was done from nature --- a fine subject. Had Mr. Alexander lived to finish this picture, it would have acquired him the name of an historical painter.

The natural genius of Mr. Norie for landscape entitles him to a place among our Scotch painters; but it is to be regretted, that his occupation as a house-painter employed him so much, that he had no time left to improve his natural talents, nor exert his genius.

Mr. John Medina, son of Sir John Medina, has made himself known as an excellent copier of an original picture of Mary Queen of Scots.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

ANECDOTES OF M. WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

THIS gentleman is son to the celebrated lady of the same name, who introduced the custom of inocu-

lating for the small-pox into Europe. He was born at Constantinople, whilst his father was ambassador at that capital.

capital, was heir to the great estate of the family, and to all the vivacity of character which so eminently distinguished his mother. Being sent to France under the care of a governor of great learning, he passed the best part of his youthful days at Troyes, deeply immersed in the study of the dead languages, and the several branches of science to which they are the key. Upon his return to England, he married below himself; and this match, which he could not be dissuaded from, induced his father to disinherit him, and leave his whole fortune to a sister, who married the Earl of Bute.

Reduced to a pittance just sufficient for his support, he had recourse to literature to comfort him in his misfortunes, dedicating great time to the most profound and abstruse speculations. In this retreat he carefully pe-

rused the bishop of Clogher's Journal to Grand Cairo; in which that learned prelate produces certain inscriptions of great antiquity, which are still to be seen upon a huge rock at the foot of Mount Sinai. Several travellers have given explanations of these; but they all differ widely, and from their variation it is reasonable to infer, that they never were rightly explained.

Mr. Montague was hence inspired with a most ardent desire to explain them in such a manner as to supersede any new attempt. For this purpose he prepared himself, by studying and comparing those languages which might lead him to that explanation. He embarked on board a vessel bound for Egypt, and, having gratified his curiosity, he transmitted an account of these inscriptions, which is published in the Philosophical Transactions.

On the STYLE and MANNER of HISTORY.

By VOLTAIRE.

SO much has been said on this subject, that little remains to be said now. It is well known that the style and manner of Livy, the dignity and eloquence of his pen, are perfectly consistent with the grandeur of the Roman republic; that Tacitus had a better hand for the portrait of a tyrant, Polybius for the discipline of war, and Dionysius of Halicarnassus for the elucidation of antiquities.

But while we form ourselves on the models of these great masters in general, our task is heavier than theirs. Modern historians are required to be more circumstantial in their details, to have their facts better established, their dates of greater precision; authorities are expected for what they assert, and likewise an attention to customs, laws, manners, commerce, finance, agriculture, and population. It is now with history as with natural philosophy and the mathematics: the materials are immensely enlarged, and the more easy it is to make a collection of gazettes, the more difficult it is to write a history.

Daniel thought himself an historian, when he transcribed the dates and narrative of a battle which you could

make nothing of. He should have described the people, their laws, manners, and customs, and the causes of revolutions in these several circumstances. Might not the people say to him, and with great propriety, It is not the history of Lewis the Large we want: it is our own? You tell us, on the authority of an old chronicle, written the Lord knows when, or by what means, that, when Lewis the Eighth was in a declining state of health, his physicians ordered his poor carcase to be put to bed to a fine young girl, and that the pious good king refused this vile, wicked regimen. Ah, Daniel! had you forgotten the Italian proverb? *Donna ignuda manda l'uomo sotto la terra**. You should have been better acquainted with natural and political history.

The history of a country, little known, should not be on the same model with that of your own.

If you write the history of France, it is not necessary that you should describe the course of the Seine and the Loire; but if you write the conquests of the Portuguese in Asia, the topography of the country is requisite. You must lead your reader by the hand

R 2

* A naked woman will put a man to bed under ground.

hand along the African coast, along the coasts of Persia and India. It is expected that you should instruct him in the manners, laws, and customs of those countries which are new to the Europeans.

We have twenty histories of the establishment of the Portuguese in the Indies; but not one of them acquaints us with the different governments of those countries, their religions, their antiquities, the Bramins, the disciples of St. John, and the Banians. It is true, they have preserved the letters of Xaverius and his successors. They have given us histories of India, written at Paris after those missionaries, who were unacquainted with the language of the Bramins. We have been told a hundred times that the Indians worship the devil.

The chaplains of the trading companies go off with this prejudice, and when they find on the coast of Coromandel symbolical figures, they fail not to represent them as portraits of the devil. They consider themselves as in his dominions, and prepare to

fight him on his own ground. They do not recollect that we Europeans worship a devil there whose name is Mammon, and that we go six thousand leagues from our own country to pay our devotions to him, and fill our pockets.

As to those who are hired servants to a bookseller in St. James's-street, and who are ordered by their master to write a history of Japan, or Canada, or the Canary Islands, or possibly the memoirs of some Capuchin, to those I have nothing to say.

But if you, my good historiographer, will tell us no more than that one barbarous prince succeeded another on the banks of the Euxus, or the Iaxertes, of what utility can your history be to the public?

These rules are well known, but the art of writing history well will always be very rare. We know that the style should be grave, pure, various, and pleasing. In short, it is with historical writing as with all other works of genius, there are many rules, but very few real artists.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

RECIPROCAL COMPLAISANCE.

IT was long since remarked, that the saying of Terence, *Tu si bic esset, aliter sentias**, if properly attended to, would be an infallible means to obviate all those contradictions, altercations, and dissensions, which commonly spring from the variety of mens opinions, the diversity of their passions, and that continual clashing which results between them.

To a man who should be a simple spectator of other mens follies — if it be possible for such a being to exist — nothing can be conceived more laughable, than to see a whole society of moral *egotists*, where every one was mutually disputing for his own personality, and apparently assuming to himself no less, than for every body else, at all times, and in all circumstances, to think, feel, judge, believe, love, hate, act, and so on, just like himself; which, in other words, could only be saying, that such persons are

not *substantial beings*, but mere simple accidents and contingents of himself.

Indeed, of all such *egotists*, there is none so impudent as to require this in plain terms; and yet, by pronouncing all the opinions, judgments and inclinations of other men foolish, erroneous and extravagant, the moment they in any respect contradict our own; what do we else but give it as it were under our hands, that they are fools for having eyes, brains, and heads as well as we?

"Pray, Sir, why does that please you?"

"I can give no other reason for it, but that it *does* please me."

"But I cannot conceive what you see in it that can please you to such a degree!" --- I, for my part ---

"Very well, Sir, this proves nothing more than the bare possibility, that something may please me which displeases you!"

"I won't

* i. e. Were you in my place, you would be of another mind.

"I won't positively say, that this absolutely *displeases* me; but then neither can I say that I find it so excellent, or so extraordinary as you do."

"But granting now that it really seemed so to me!"

"Then you'd be wrong."

"And why so, Sir?"

"Because the thing is not so."

"And why should it not be so?"

"That's an odd question, begging your pardon. Have not I as good eyes as you? --- Is not my taste as accurate as your's? Cannot I judge as competently of the value of a thing as you? --- If this *was* so excellent as you *imagine* it, I must necessarily find it so as well as yourself."

"I can say all this with the same right as you: if the eye, the understanding, or the imagination, in this case are to decide, why must I trust to *your* eyes, to *your* understanding, and to *your* imagination, rather than my own? I should be glad to know that."

"I'll tell you in one word. I consider the thing just as it is; and *you*, on the contrary, are blinded by passion."

"Very well, Sir: 'tis just what I expected. If sometimes passion blinds, (and it does so only when it exceeds the bounds, which can hardly last long) yet, on the other hand, it commonly makes people see clearer. How can you expect that a fugitive, fortuitous, negligent look, cast upon an object with indifference, should be able to discover in that object so much, or to remark the degrees of its true value so justly, as passion does, which, considering it with the minutest attention, examines it on all sides, and observes it in every point of view?"

"But the imagination, which in-

sensibly intrudes into all one's observations ---"

"Pray, Sir, be kind enough to consider, none but fools or madmen take their imaginations for real sentiments: why are you much fonder of persisting to prove a supposition, which would render the soundness of my brain dubious, than of owning that there may be a something, which I may know better than yourself, or which, for good reasons, may appear very differently to me, than to you?"

"Pray, gentlemen, don't be warm," (cries a third person, who had overheard that dispute between *I* and *thou*.) "You might go on at this rate for a whole day together without changing each other's opinion --- and why so? --- The reason is very plain --- because you are both in the right. *Te si hic esses*, said Terence. You judge like a lover, and as such you are right; and you, Sir, judge like an indifferent man, and as such you are right too."

"But, Mr. *Umpire*, the question here is, whether he can be in the right to love any thing, which in fact ---"

"Is indifferent to *you*, you mean to say!"

"No, Sir --- but which does not merit that degree of love, which he---"

"Why there now, that's the very question, Sir, which cannot be decided. At this rate we always run round and round in the same circle, and may do so eternally without ever seeing an end. Your dispute is of such a nature as can only terminate in the *amiable*. Do but freely confess to each other, that *I* is well authorized not to be *thou*; then each of you put himself in the other's place, and I'd lose my head if *you* did not think as *he* does, provided you were *he*, or found yourself in his situation: --- and so the quarrel is ended."

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

The Progress of Romantic Ideas.

YOUNG persons, on whom nature has bestowed an exquisite sensibility, and (what is its immediate concomitant) a strong disposition to tenderness, are generally fond of all those ideas which make a lively impression on the heart; which awaken,

as it were, the slumbering passions, and spring up as from a lethargy at the slightest alarm.

If besides this it happens, that such persons are brought up in a remote solitude and a rural simplicity; in places where they enjoy those natural pleasures

pleasures which the country affords, free from its labours, and insensible of its inconveniences; in this case, the marvellous and impassioned ideas assume an empire over their hearts, which is so much the stronger, as in that situation the fancy is ever busied to fill up the void which the uniformity of sensible objects leaves in the soul. The imagination insensibly blends itself with the sentiment, the marvellous with the natural, the false with the true. The soul, which by a blind instinct works as regularly upon chimæras as upon certain truths, is formed by little and little from these collected parts into a whole, and becomes accustomed to take it for truth on the first glimpse of light and connection: the reason is, because the imagination is grown as familiar with chimæras, which are its chief ingredients, as the senses are with those real objects wherewith they are surrounded, without once perceiving the least change or alteration.

That gentle tremor which seizes us on entering a labyrinth formed in an obscure forest, doubtless gave rise to the universal belief, in past times, that woods and forests were inhabited by the gods. Those soft emotions, that admiration, that enlarged and elevated idea of our nature, which we

experience in a fine night on beholding the heavenly canopy of stars; these evidently countenanced the opinion, that this brilliant arch of numberless inextinguishable lamps was the abode of immortal beings.

And hence very probably it arises, that country people (whose continual labour leaves them no leisure to discriminate the confused impressions which nature makes upon them, or to conceive a clear idea of the subject) are more superstitious than others. Hence those corporeal spirits, which in their notion fills up the whole circle of creation; hence those unseen huntings in the woods; those fairies, who dance in the fields their nightly round; hobgoblins good and bad; and the night-mare, oppressive to slumbering girls: hence, in short, those spirits of the mines and floods, with men all fire, and heaven knows how many other fantastic beings, of which this good class of people can tell you such a variety of tales. --- When the imagination is let loose in the regions of fiction, it is difficult to stop her career: one monster begets another; and she sits, like a sovereign queen, throned in the midst of her own creation. --- This is the progress of romantic ideas.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

Of the Love of our Country, and the Means of inspiring it.

Addressed to KINGS and SENATORS.

SOVEREIGN legislators! you to whom the King of kings has entrusted the authority of commanding, and on us has imposed the obligation of obeying, well convinced that the number of happy subjects makes the force the most real, and the glory the most solid of a state --- Feel, that there is a love of our country, which, in attaching and bringing back all the citizens of the state, must render a people powerful! This love of one's country is a natural instinct, which ties us to the place where we were born; an instinct which by habit renders more proper for us the air we breathe, the diet by which we have been nourished, the houses which we

have inhabited, the lands which we have cultivated; in one word, all the objects which have struck our senses from infancy: it is also a reflected sentiment, founded on the love we owe to our parents, to our friends, and to our fellow-citizens; to the civil state in which Providence has placed us, for living in an union the most intimate.

You therefore, whose rank gives a force to your example, inspire all your subjects with your cares --- that sentiment so active and so fruitful. Yes, this love of our country unites all our hearts --- becomes the tie of the most sacred and most powerful of your authority, the obedience of the people.

people. This love is an exotic plant in governments where despotism holds the place of reason: it cannot generate, it cannot increase, nor produce those delicious fruits which it does in more fortunate places, where liberty is constantly defended by law, and the interest of all who govern is so intimately connected with that of the nation governed. Each citizen accustoms himself from infancy to regard the fortune of the state as his own individual fortune. This social fraternity, which makes all citizens, both great and small, but as one family, interests the whole for the prosperity of their common country. It is a sort of ship, where each finds the post that belongs to him, and cannot be indifferent to those around him. The passenger loves the captain; the soldier the pilot; the seamen, who are full of their business, love the ship as they love themselves; but if the citizen receives neither benefit, protection, nor assistance from government; if those, who are the depositaries of some part of the sovereign power, employ it only in augmenting their authority or their fortune, it is much to be feared that the subject, poorly formed for abstract ideas of patriotism, will no longer be accustomed to regard the fortune of the state as that of a ship, where there are not, nor

can be no other interests; a ship which moves at the will of its masters, and which can neither be preserved nor wrecked without them. In proportion as this zeal for the public good extinguishes itself in our hearts, the desire of separate interests will arise. Example becomes contagious, and descends by degrees to the lowest ranks. Each, in his sphere, makes the same distinction between the interest of the state, and that of himself and his family.

One city, one village forms a league: each family, each individual is no further occupied than to assure itself the privilege of certain advantages. The public good is lost to his view: it remains not in a kingdom or a republic where private interests, which by their collision form a kind of civil war, break the ties of the society, and leave nothing to subsist but self-love, which destroys every social principle. The citizen, who is not stronger retained by a love of his country, will in other countries seek for establishments and resources which his native land denied him*. If he finds them, he will, in the country he has chosen, forget that which heaven assigned him at his birth. The least hope, the least possibility, would have retained him: the least hope, the least possibility, sends him away.

* The truth of this assertion never was better verified in any country than by the late emigrations from the northern parts of this island. The farmers, with their dependents, depressed by the heavy and unequal rents imposed upon them by their superiors, have left their country in numerous bands, and transported themselves across the Atlantic to people and cultivate the deserts of North America. The policy which forced these people to quit their native land is destructive, and ought to be examined by the legislature.

The FATHER and the SON. An affecting Relation.

THE following pathetic narration is taken from Mr. Ives's Voyage to India, just published, and relates to the taking of Chandernagore from the French by the English. This action, though successful, was fatal to the brave Britons who served in it. We shall now adopt Mr. Ives's own words.

Every humane bosom (says he) must compassionate the death of so many gallant British youths as fell in this day's action. The killed and wounded indeed on shore were rising: the ene-

my were so much employed against the ships, that the army had but one killed, and ten wounded; but on board the two ships they were so numerous, that I would willingly forbear any farther mention of such a mournful scene: but the behaviour of Capt. Speke and his son, a youth of sixteen years of age, was so truly great and exemplary on this glorious but melancholy occasion, that I must beg leave to describe it, with some of its most interesting circumstances.

When

When Admiral Watson had the unhappiness to see both the father and the son fall in the same instant, he immediately went up to them, and by the most tender and pathetic expressions tried to alleviate their distress. The captain, who had observed his son's leg to be hanging only by the skin, said to the admiral, "Indeed, Sir, this was a cruel shot, to knock down both the father and the son!" Mr. Watson's heart was too full to make the least reply: he only ordered them both to be immediately carried to the surgeon. The captain was first brought down to me * in the after-hold, where a platform had been made; and then told me how dangerously his BILLY had been wounded. Presently after the brave youth himself appeared, but had another narrow escape, the quarter-master, who was bringing him down in his arms after his father, being killed by a cannon-ball. His eyes overflowing with tears, not for his own, but for his father's fate, I laboured to assure him that his father's wound was not dangerous; and this assertion was confirmed by the captain himself. He seemed not to believe either of us, until he asked me *upon my honour*, and I had repeated to him my first assurance in the most positive manner. He then immediately became calm; but on my attempting to enquire into the nature of his wound, he solicitously asked me if I had dressed his father, for he could not think of my touching him, before his father's wound had been taken care of. I assured him that the captain's wound had been already taken care of. "Then (replied the generous youth, pointing to a fellow-sufferer) pray, Sir, look to and dress this poor man, who is groaning so sadly beside me." I told him that he already had been taken care of, and begged of him with some importunity, that I now might have liberty to examine his wound. He submitted to it, and calmly observed, "Sir, I fear you must amputate above the joint." I replied, my dear, I must.--- Upon which he clasped both his hands together, and lifting his eyes in the most devout and fervent manner towards heaven, he offered up the following short but earnest petition:

"Good God, do thou enable me to behave in my present circumstances worthy of my father's son!" When he had ended this ejaculatory prayer, he told me that he was all submission. I then performed the operation above the joint of the knee; but during the whole time the intrepid youth never spoke a word, or uttered a groan, that could be heard at a yard distance.

The reader may easily imagine, what, in this dreadful interval, the brave but unhappy captain suffered, who lay just by his darling and unfortunate son. But whatever were his feelings, he discovered no other expressions of them but what the silent, trickling tears declared; though the bare recollection of the scene, even at this distant time, is too painful for me. Both the father and the son, the day after the action, were sent back with the rest of the wounded to Calcutta. The father was lodged at the house of his brother-in-law, and the son was with me at the hospital. For the first eight or nine days I gave the father great comfort by carrying him joyful tidings of his boy, and in the same manner I gratified the son in regard to the father. But alas! from that time, all the good symptoms, which had hitherto attended this unparalleled youth, began to disappear. The captain easily guessed, by my silence and countenance, the true state his boy was in, nor did he ever after ask me more than two questions concerning him: so tender was the subject to us both, and so unwilling was his generous mind to add to my distress. The first was on the tenth day, in these words: "How long, my friend, do you think my Billy may remain in a state of uncertainty?" I replied, that if he lived to the fifteenth day of the operation, there would be the strongest hopes of his recovery. On the thirteenth however he died; and on the sixteenth, the brave man, looking me stedfastly in the face, said, "Well, Ives, how fares it with my boy?"--- I could make him no reply, and he attributed my silence to the real cause. He cried bitterly, squeezed me by the hand, and begged me to leave him for one half hour, when he wished to

* Mr. Ives was surgeon of Admiral Watson's ship at that time.

to see me again; and assured me I should find him with a different countenance from that he troubled me with at present. I punctually complied with his desire; and when I returned to him, he appeared, as he ever after did, perfectly calm and serene.

The excellent youth had been delirious the evening preceding the day on which he died; and at two o'clock in the morning, in the utmost distress of mind, he sent me a note, written by himself with a pencil, of which the following is a copy:

"If Mr. Ives will consider the disorder a son must be in, when he is told he is dying, and is yet in doubt whether his father is not in as good a state of health --- If Mr. Ives is not too busy to honour this note, which nothing but the greatest uneasiness could draw from me --- The boy waits an answer."

Immediately on the receipt of this note I visited him, and he had still sense enough left to know who I was. He then began with me --- "And is he dead?" --- "Who, my dear?" --- "My father, Sir." --- "No, my love; nor is he in any danger, I assure you: he is almost well." --- "Thank God! Then why did they tell me so? I am now satisfied, and ready to die." At that time he had a locked jaw, and was in great distress; but I understood every word he so inarticulately uttered. He begged my pardon for having (as he politely expressed it) disturbed me at so early an hour: and before the day was ended he surrendered up a valuable life.

The following fine simile so aptly illustrates the beauty and untimely death of this incomparable young man, that I am persuaded every good-natured reader will excuse my inserting it.

As a gay flower, with blooming beauties crown'd,
Cut by the share, lies languid on the ground;

Or some tall poppy, that o'ercharg'd with rain
Bends the faint head, & sinks upon the plain:
So fair, so languishingly sweet he lies,
His head declin'd, and drooping as he dies.

VIRGIL.

Capt. Speke was confined to his bed and chamber for some weeks after the action, nor did he perfectly recover from his wound: at times he was in a great deal of danger. At length he took his passage to England, leaving behind him the character of a gallant officer and a complete gentleman. He afterwards commanded the *Resolution*, of 70 guns, in the memorable engagement off Bellisle, when Sir Edward Hawke defeated the French fleet, and particularly distinguished himself by obliging the *Formidable* to strike to him, though greatly superior in force to his own. The *Resolution*, in the night succeeding the action, was wrecked on a shoal called *Le Four*, but the captain with the crew were providentially saved. Capt. Speke afterwards returned to England, and for a while enjoyed in quiet those applauses which the public justly bestowed on his superior merit. He was afterwards appointed captain of the *Modeste*, and once more went to sea; but before he could render any further services to his country, he died at Lisbon, in the forty third year of his age, to the general grief of his countrymen.

I have already made one quotation, to the honour of the brave son: the reader will now excuse my making another to the memory of both the heroes, the father and the son:

O happy both! if ought the Muse could shed
Of tears eternal which embalm the dead;
Whilst round Britannia's coast old Ocean raves,
And to her standard roll th' embattled waves,
Fair empress of the deep: so long your names
Should live lamented!

A B O N M O T.

THE late Mr. Charles Yorke, being returned a member for the University of Cambridge at the last general election, as he was going round the senate to thank those who had voted for him, said to one Mr. P—, who is noted (even to a proverb) for having the largest and most hideous

ugly face that ever was seen, "Sir, I have great reason to be thankful to my friends in general; but confess myself under a particular obligation to you, for the very remarkable countenance you have shewn me upon this occasion."

New and curious Historical Anecdotes.

(From Vol. II. of Sir JOHN DALRYMPLE's *Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland*, just published.)

IT appears, by the authentic papers recorded in this important work, that England, during great part of the reign of Charles II. was entirely governed by France; and that while Charles and all his ministers were the avowed pensioners and slaves of Louis XIV. the popular party who opposed them were also governed by French counsels and French money. (See our Review of New Books.) The following extract from the preface of the work will at once give some account of it, and shew the author's motives for publishing it.

"However-disagreeable this publication may be to the descendants of many of those mentioned in it, the extent of which I fully feel, because I have the honour to live in friendship with several of them; I flatter myself it will be useful to this country now, and to posterity afterwards, in the following respects.

"1st. The discoveries made in these papers will lead men in public life to reflect, that however they may hope to hide their want of public virtue, in a pretended attachment to the interests either of loyalty or of liberty, the day of reckoning will sooner or later come, when, in the historic page, their true characters, and motives of action, will appear. But men, acting in free states, cannot have too many terrors hung out to controul them; because, in such states as the virtues of men are greater than others, so likewise are their vices.

"2dly. The papers will shew, that when a king of England does not give a generous credit to the affections of his subjects, and the people of England do not put an honourable confidence in their prince, both king and people must be unhappy and inglorious. Perhaps, too, this reflection may arise from the perusal of them, that the defences which the friends of liberty do not scruple sometimes to throw around her, are more dangerous to her interests than all the assaults of her enemies.

"3dly. Although the present exaltation of England, above all other nations, justifies a contempt of the supposition of other nations meddling at present in her domestic concerns, yet should this situation ever alter, posterity may learn from these papers, that the prince who intrigues with foreigners against his people, does it at the peril of his crown; and that, when the subjects intrigue with foreigners against their prince, they stake their liberties on the cast.

"4thly, Which I mention with pain, this publication will shew that there is no political party in this country, which has a right to assume over another from the merit of their ancestors; it being too plain, from the following papers, that whigs and tories, in their turns, have been equally the enemies of their country, when their passions and their interests misled them.

"In a country in which the passions of every individual are strong, because his spirit is high, and in which all take a side in politics, because all ought to take it, I presume that those who do not like me, or some of the following letters, will do me the honour to say that they are published with party views: if this be so, I am certainly a very unfortunate party man, and this a very unfortunate party book; because I am not sure that I shall gain either of the two great parties in this kingdom: and if they judge with less candour than I have done, I am afraid I shall lose both: yet one side will permit me to assure them, that when I found in the French dispatches Lord Russel intriguing with the court of Versailles, and Algernon Sidney taking money from it, I felt very nearly the same shock as if I had seen a son turn his back in the day of battle."

After entering upon a work so interesting as this, we believe we shall not be able to quit it but with reluctance. At present, however, we must
confine

confine ourselves to some of the papers which relate chiefly to the principles and death of the celebrated patriot Sidney, and to the curious account of the last moments of Charles II.

It appears, as we have already said, that France intrigued with the English king and the people, according as it best suited her purposes. The following account of individuals of the popular party, who acted in secret correspondence with France, is extracted from a letter of Barillon, the French ambassador at the English court, to his master Louis XIV.

"SIRE, Dec. 14, 1679.

"Conformable to the orders your majesty has given me, I have re-entered into a correspondence with the persons in parliament who I thought might be useful to your service hereafter. I had always kept measures with them, to make use of them in time of need. I shall at present give your majesty the detail, as you order by your last dispatch.

"I have at all times taken care to manage Lord Hollis, and I believe I have kept him in very favourable sentiments for your majesty's interests. He is the man of all England for whom the different cabals have the most consideration. He is respected in general by all parties, but principally by the Presbyterians. Nothing did me so much service with him as the offer I made him on your majesty's part of a box with your picture set with diamonds. He made great acknowledgments for this mark of your majesty's esteem; but he has not accepted the present, and I have it still. I have pressed him many times to take it; he has always excused himself, and told me that he should serve your majesty with less scruple and more usefully if he did not accept it, and that he could not resolve to take it without permission of the king of Great Britain, being at present of his counsel. I opposed with very good reasons the proposal he made to me of telling his Britannic majesty that your majesty would make him a present, under the very improbable pretence of his not having received one at the expiration of his embassy to France. In the mean time I can assure your

majesty, that in the affair of the High Treasurer* and the disbanding of the army, no person was more useful to your majesty than Lord Hollis.

..... "I sometimes see Lord Hollis; but not to give suspicion by too frequent visits, we have correspondence together by the Sieur Beber: he is a man who has great credit with Lord Hollis, and who is greatly considered among the Presbyterians: he has been very useful to me on many occasions, and it is through him I have been informed in time of what passes at the different cabals. I have had, through the same person, a strict connection with Mr. Lyttleton, who is one of the most considerable in the House of Commons, and whose opinions have always been the most followed. I have also kept a particular correspondence with Mr. Powle. He was put into the council when the persons who opposed the court were put there. He has so conducted himself since that time, that he will always be useful when the parliament shall meet: he is a man fit to fill one of the first posts in England: he is very eloquent, and very able. Our first correspondence came through Mr. Montague's means; but I have since kept it by my own, and very secretly.

"Mr. Harbord is another of those whom I have made use of, and who bore an active part in the affair of the Treasurer, and the disbanding the troops; but it would be difficult to employ him at present. He has considerable credit amongst people in the country: he would be more fit if a minister was to be attacked, than he will be to speak in parliament against an alliance which the court would make, and the other party hinder.

"These four have touched what was promised them, when the disbanding the troops should be finished, and the High Treasurer removed from affairs.

"I send a memorial apart, by which your majesty will see what has been given for this, and some other expences laid out by your orders.

"Mr. Sidney has been of great use to me on many occasions. He is a man who was in the first wars, and is naturally an enemy to the court. He

S 2

has

* Lord Danby, who was ruined by the intrigues of the French court.

has for some time been suspected of being gained by Lord Sunderland; but he always appeared to me to have the same sentiments, and not to have changed maxims. He has a great deal of credit amongst the Independants, and is also intimate with those who are most opposite to the court in parliament. He was elected for this present one. I gave him only what your majesty permitted me*. He would willingly have had more; and if a new gratification was to be given him, it would be easy to engage him entirely. However, he is very favourably disposed to what your majesty may desire, and is not willing that England and the States General should make a league. He is upon bad terms with his brother, who is in Holland, and laughs at the court's making use of him as a negociator. I believe he is a man who would be very useful, if the affairs of England should be brought to extremitities.

"Since the time that an alliance has been spoken of between the States General and England, I have taken a great deal of care to nourish the diffidence, which some of the most considerable persons in parliament have of the Prince of Orange, &c. &c.

"If your majesty thinks I ought again to press Lord Hollis to accept the box of diamonds, I may by means of Lady Hollis make him accept it: I don't presume she will be so difficult as he has been. I shall also wait your majesty's orders for offering any thing to the others of whom I have made mention, but shall not make use of the permission you may give, unless on occasions which I shall think essential to your service.

"I ought to give your majesty an account of what regards Mr. Montague separate from the others, being engaged as he is in your majesty's interests by particular considerations. I have trouble enough to defend myself for these six months against his solicitations for the payment of the sum which was promised him for the ruin of the High Treasurer. He alleges that the condition is fulfilled on his part. I have always endeavoured to make him understand that

it was an affair not entirely finished; and that, being fully assured of what was promised to him, he ought not to make himself uneasy whether the payment be made a little sooner or later. He does not give way to my reasons. . . .

. . . . However, upon other affairs we have always had a good correspondence, and have preserved the greatest union. He has often spoken to me of getting Lord Shaftsbury into your majesty's interests†, and alleges that it would not be impossible, if a large sum were employed. I don't know if your majesty will judge it useful to your service to endeavour at it at present; it would be a very proper means to stir up new embarrassments to the king of England, and Lord Shaftsbury would be still more bold, if he found himself secretly supported by your majesty: but it will be difficult to turn him from his engagements against the duke of York, and to prevent his bestirring himself for the elevation of the duke of Monmouth, or for that of the prince of Orange; for his designs are difficult enough to penetrate: and perhaps his principal end is to endeavour the establishment of a republic, of which he would aim at being chief.

"If your majesty will give me leave to say what I think ought to be done at present, with regard to Mr. Montague, I think you might command me to give him positive assurances of the payment of what was promised him, and that a certain time be named on which the payment shall be actually made. If after this your majesty will, by his means and those of Mrs. Harvey his sister, gain any members of parliament, I can answer that two persons cannot be found more proper to traverse all the designs of the court. It was by an intrigue of Mrs. Harvey that I caused to be continued at Brussels a certain person named Bulstrode, who was useful to your majesty's service. It has been my principal application with those whom I have at present mentioned, to take away from them the least suspicion that your majesty will enter into a treaty with the king of England.

* We find Sidney's name inserted in two different lists of sums expended on these occasions: he received each time 500 guineas.

† This was afterwards effected. Lord Russel too was gained over.

land. I have, however, taken care not to use positive words upon this, especially to my Lord Hollis: I have only told him in general, that your majesty will never enter into any engagement with his Britannic majesty, which might be prejudicial to the liberties and privileges of the English.

"I will say nothing to your majesty upon the subject of the duke of Buckingham, because he is not here at present, and your majesty knows of yourself of what use he may be to your service. I don't doubt but he is dissatisfied with the refusal I gave him this summer of the 20,000 crowns which he wanted the power of disposing of; I would rather make him think that I made this saving of myself, than let him know that I did it by order. As I saw he had a design of going to France, and doubt not he has been there, I imagine, when he appears here, I shall find him disposed to serve your majesty when occasion shall present. It does not appear to me he has great credit in parliament, but he may be useful with regard to the populace, and in times of troubles. It is not the most regular minds which always strike the most considerable strokes."

I was particularly anxious (says Sir John Dalrymple, in another place) in perusing the French dispatches, to discover the principles upon which Algernon Sidney could possibly reconcile to his own pride his intrigues with France. From the following passage in one of Barillon's dispatches, it appears that Mr. Sidney's public objects in these intrigues were a republic, and the most unlimited toleration in religion.

Extract of Barillon's Letter to Louis XIV.

Sept. 30, 1680.

Sidney's Principles.

"THERE are some who have applied themselves for some time to make me understand, that it is an old error to believe that it is against the interest of France to suffer England to become a republic. They endeavour to prove by good reasons, and the example of the past, that the re-union of England, under a protestant king, authorized as the prince of Orange would be, is much less con-

formable to the true interests of France than a republic, which would be more occupied with trade than any other thing, and would believe, as Cromwell did, that it would gain rather at the expence of Spain than of France. They add, that the interest of England as a republic, and that of Holland governed as it is, could not easily agree; whereas the prince of Orange can re-unite in his person the power of the States General and of England together. In fine, they establish for a fundamental principle that the house of Stuart and that of Orange are inseparably united; that their common interest engages them to augment their power in England and in Holland, and that it is the interest of France to maintain the liberties and privileges of both nations, and to endeavour rather at the ruin of those who would oppress them. They even believe that the safety of the catholic religion might be established in England, if people were not afraid that a catholic prince would be in a condition to change the government and laws; and they observe by the example of Holland, how much the condition of catholics in Holland is better than in England. Your majesty knows better than any body what solidity there is in these reflections, and can give me your orders for my conduct in the occasions which may present. I shall confine myself to what appears to me to be for your service at present, without carrying my views farther; but it does not appear useless to shew your majesty how far affairs may be carried in England. Mr. Sidney is one of those who talks to me with the most force and the most openness on this matter."

A Letter from the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) to the Prince of Orange (afterwards King William.)

London, Nov. 27, 1683.

"THOUGH you will hear the news I am going to tell you from other hands, 'tis too considerable a one for me not to write it to you: 'tis that the duke of Monmouth on Saturday last came and delivered himself up to the secretary, and desired he might speak with the king and myself alone: so soon as the secretary had

had advertised his majesty, he went down with the secretary, taking me along with him; when the duke of Monmouth, after having asked his majesty's pardon, in the humblest manner imaginable, and owned his knowledge of the whole conspiracy*, except that part of the assassination, asked pardon of me also, and said as much to me of the subject as I could expect of him, with all the promises of his good behaviour for the future a man could say. After his majesty had heard all he had to say, he ordered the secretary to put him into the custody of a serjeant at arms till further pleasure. The next day his majesty ordered his release, and has ordered his pardon to be prepared, having pardoned him, and permits him to be at court again. Algernon Sidney's sentence was pronounced this day, and he will soon be beheaded: the day is not yet named. I have not time to say more now, but assure you, you shall still find me very kind to you."

Extract of another letter from the same to the same.

London, Dec. 4, 1683.

"I have received your's of the 7th of this month, and before that had heard of the Prince de Montefart's being taken by the French near Toulon. As for news here, Algernon Sydney is to be beheaded on Friday next on the Tower-hill, which, besides the doing justice on so ill a man, will give the lie to the whigs, who reported he was not to suffer. The Duke of Monmouth also, I am told, will some way or other give them the lie by owning in a more public way than he has done yet, his knowledge of the conspiracy; which that rebellious party, and some of his dependers, endeavoured to persuade the world he knew nothing of."

Another letter from the same to the same.

London, Dec. 7, 1687.

"I believe you will be as much surprised with the news of the Duke of Monmouth's being ordered to go out of Whitehall, and not to appear in his majesty's presence, as you were at his coming in, and being

permitted to stay at court. His majesty sent this morning the vice-chamberlain to him with that message, being very much displeased with his not owning, by a letter or paper under his hand, his knowledge of the conspiracy, as he had done it by word of mouth to his majesty and myself; besides which, some of his servants and dependers reported every where that what was in the Gazette concerning him was false, for that he had never owned any knowledge of the conspiracy; which disingenuous proceeding of his did so anger his majesty, that it obliged him to shew his displeasure to him, as he has done; and now 'tis visible to all the world, that he only designed by his coming in, to get his pardon, and to keep his credit with his party still, both which he has now done; and though his coming in and being pardoned as he was, has done some harm, I hope this good will come of it, that his majesty will now never believe any thing he says again, and then he can do but little harm. — Algernon Sidney was beheaded this day, died very resolutely, and like a true rebel and republican. I have not time to say more, but that you shall still find me as kind as ever to you."

Extract of a letter from the same to the same.

London, Jan. 4, 1684.

"I have received your's of the 4th, and by it see you had read Algernon Sydney's paper; and tho' it was a very treasonable and insolent one, yet 'twas thought fit to have it printed, that the world might see what his principles were, and what both he and the rest of the conspirators drove at, and its being published has really done good. His trial also is come out, and I have sent it to my daughter by one who goes with the packet boat. — I do very easily believe you were surprised at the extraordinary carriage of the Duke of Monmouth: and since he was no truer a convert, 'twas very well he showed himself so soon, for had he staid and dissembled, he might have done much mischief: but now he

* The Rye house plot.

he can do but little, for all the world is now satisfied he is never to be trusted, and then he has all his vain fancies in his head. 'Tis not now certain where he is; his wife and some others of his friends say he is gone beyond sea; and by a letter out of Zealand they give an account of two English gentlemen which landed there, and went for Antwerp, and by the description they make of them, one of them should be he: if he be in Flanders, I suppose by that time you have this you will have heard of it."

From the few incidents which occur in these few letters, the reader will see, that the Duke of York in no degree possessed sensibility, virtue, or virtuous pride.

The following letter contains a very particular account of the last moments of Charles II. It was sent from Barillon, the French ambassador, to his master, Louis XIV.

February 18, 1685.

THE letter I do myself the honour to write to your majesty to-day is only to give you an exact account of what happened, of most importance, at the death of the King of England. His illness, which began on Monday morning the 12th of February, had divers changes the following days; sometimes he was thought out of danger, and then something happened that made it judged his disorder was mortal; in fine, on Thursday 15th February about noon, I was informed from a good quarter, that there were no hopes, and that the physicians believed he could not hold out the night. I went immediately to Whitehall; the Duke of York had given orders to the officers who guarded the door of the anti-chamber to let me pass at any hour; he was continually in the king's brother's room; from time to time he came out to give orders upon what was passing in the town. The report was more than once spread that the king was dead. As soon as I arrived, the Duke of York said to me, "The physicians think the king in extreme danger; I desire you to assure your master, that he shall always have in me a faithful and grateful servant." I was five hours

in the king's anti-chamber. The Duke of York made me come into the bed-chamber several times, and spoke to me of what was passing with our doors, and of the assurances given him from every quarter that all was very quiet in the town, and that he should be proclaimed king the moment his brother was dead. I went out for some time to go to the Dutchess of Portsmouth's apartment. I found her overwhelmed with grief; the physicians having taken all hopes from her: however, instead of speaking to me of her affliction, and the loss she was on the point of sustaining, she went into a small closet, and said to me: "Monsieur, the ambassador, I am going to tell you the greatest secret in the world, and my head would be in danger if it was known. The king of England at the bottom of his heart is a catholic; but he is surrounded with protestant bishops, and nobody tells him his condition, nor speaks to him of God; I cannot with decency enter the room; besides that the queen is almost constantly there; the Duke of York thinks of his own affairs, and has too many of them, to take the care he ought of the king's conscience; go and tell him I have conjured you to warn him to think of what can be done to save the king's soul. He commands the room, and can turn out whom he will; lose no time, for if it is deferred ever so little, it will be too late."

I returned instantly to find the Duke of York, and begged him to make a pretence of going to the queen, who had left the king's room, and who, having fainted, was just bloodied. The room communicated with both apartments; I followed him to the queen's, and told him what the Dutchess of Portsmouth said to me. He recovered himself as from a deep lethargy, and said, "You are in the right; there is no time to lose. I will hazard all rather than not do my duty on this occasion." An hour after he returned under the same pretence of going to the queen, and told me he had spoken to the king his brother, and found him resolved not to take the sacrament which the protestant bishops had pressed him to receive; that this had surprized them much,

much, but that one or other of them would remain always in the room, if he did not find a pretence to make every body leave it, in order that he might have an opportunity of speaking to the king his brother with freedom, and disposing him to make a formal renunciation of heresy, and confess himself to a catholic priest.

We thought of various expedients. The Duke of York proposed that I should ask leave to speak to the king his brother, to tell him something in secret from your majesty, and that every body should go out. I offered to do so, but represented to him, that besides the great rumour it would make, there was no likelihood of my being allowed to remain in private with the king of England and himself long enough for what we had to do. The Duke of York then bethought himself of sending for the queen, as if it had been to take her last farewell, and ask pardon of the king, if she had ever in any thing disobeyed him, who was on his part to return the same ceremony to her. At last the Duke of York resolved to speak to the king his brother in presence of the company, yet so as no person might hear what was said to him; because this would remove all suspicion, and it would be believed that he spoke to him only of affairs of state, and of what he wished to be done after his death. Thus, without any further precaution, the Duke of York stooped down to the king his brother's ear, after having ordered that no one should approach. I was in the room, and more than twenty persons at the door, which was open. What the duke of York said was not heard, but the king of England said from time to time very loud, *Yes, with all my heart*. He sometimes made the Duke of York repeat what he said, because he did not easily hear him. The Duke of York again went out as if he had gone to the queen, and said to me: "The king has consented that I should bring a priest to him; but I dare not bring any of the Dutchess's, they are too well known; send and find one quickly." I told him I would do it with all my heart, but I believed too much time would be lost; and that I had just seen all the

queen's priests in a closet near the chamber. He said, you are right; at the same time he perceived the earl of Castlemethor, who with warmth embraced the proposal made him, and undertook to speak to the queen: he came back in an instant and said: "Should I hazard my head in this, I would do it with pleasure; but I do not know one of the queen's priests who understands or speaks English." On this we resolved to send to the Venetian resident for an English priest, but as the time pressed, the earl of Castlemethor went where the queen's priests were, and found amongst them one Hudelston, a Scotchman, who saved the king of England after the battle of Worcester, and who by act of parliament had been excepted from all the laws made against the catholics, and against the priests; they put a wig and gown on him to disguise him; and the earl of Castlemethor conducted him to the door of an apartment that joined by a small step to the king's chamber. The Duke of York, to whom I had given notice that all was ready, sent Chiffins to receive and bring in Mr. Hudelston; soon after he said aloud: "The king wills that every body should retire except the earls of Bath and Feverham:" the first was lord of the bed-chamber, and the other was in waiting. The physicians went into a closet, the door of which was immediately shut, and Chiffins brought Mr. Hudelston in. The Duke of York, in presenting him, said: "Sire, here is a man who saved your life, and is now come to save your soul." The king answered, "He is welcome." He afterwards confessed himself with the greatest sentiments of devotion and repentance. The earl of Castlemethor had taken care to have Hudelston instructed by a Portuguese monk of the barefooted Carmelites in what he had to say to the king on such an occasion; for of himself he was no great doctor; but the Duke of York told me he acquitted himself very well in his function, and that he made the king formally promise to declare himself openly a catholic, if he recovered his health. He then received absolution, the communion, and even the extreme unction; all this lasted about three

h
ne
i
ul
th
n,
n:
l:
is,
I
sts
."
he
ish
the
the
nd
ch-
nd
and
een
ade
the
own
earl
the
by
ber.
had
sent
Mr.
oud:
ody
Bath
d of
was
into
im-
ught
e of
Sire,
life,
oul."
wel-
fessed
ments
The
care
by a
ooted
ay to
for of
; but
e ac-
func-
king
himself
covered
abso-
en the
about
three





No 2

1773
three o
anti-cl
anathe
but by
the pr
versha
satisfie
queen
frow so
I do n
kept.

After
the cor
a little
more
trengt
willing
him;
wines
could
nevert
ealy,
and un
from t
mornin
about
hill of
the twi
datche
of Ric
him
made n
mouth
pressed

DESCR

TH
kind v
They
twelve
one ro
Vari
ed to a
picture
ave t
the ro
taken
ber, th
painted
second
riclinin
that th
o that
The
Mar

three quarters of an hour. In the anti-chamber every one looked at another; but nobody said any thing but by their eyes and in whispers: the presence of Lord Bath and Feversham, who are protestants, has satisfied the bishops a little; but the queen's women and the other priests show so much going and coming, that I do not think the secret can be long kept.

After the king of England received the communion, his disorder became a little better; it is certain he spoke more intelligibly, and had more strength: we hoped that God was willing to work a miracle by restoring him; but the physicians judged his illness was not abated, and that he could not outlive the night. He nevertheless appeared much more easily, and spoke with more feeling and understanding than he had done from ten at night to eight in the morning. He often spoke quite aloud to the duke of York, in terms full of tenderness and friendship: he twice recommended to him the dukes of Portsmouth and the duke of Richmond. He recommended to him also all the other children. He made no mention of the duke of Monmouth, good nor bad. He often expressed his confidence in the mercy of

God. The bishop of Bath and Wells, who was his chaplain, read some prayers, and spoke to him of God. The king shewed by his head that he heard him. The bishop was not officious in saying any thing particular to him, or proposing that he should make a profession of his faith; he was apprehensive of a refusal, but feared still more, as I believe, to irritate the duke of York.

The king of England was perfectly sensible the whole night, and spoke upon all things with great calmness. At six o'clock in the morning he asked what hour it was, and said: "Open the curtains that I may once more see day." He suffered great pain, and at seven o'clock they bled him in hopes it might lessen his pain. At half an hour after eight he began to speak with great difficulty: at ten his senses were quite gone; and he died at noon without any struggle or convulsion. The new king retired to his apartment, was unanimously acknowledged, and then proclaimed.

I thought it my duty to give your majesty an exact account of what passed on this occasion; and I esteem myself happy that God granted me the favour to have some part in it. I am, &c.

[To be continued.]

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

DESCRIPTION of the ENGRAVING annexed, representing a PICTURE found in the Ruins of HERCULANEUM.

THIS plate is marked No. XVII. in the work, and is of the same kind with that given in our last. They both belong to the groupe of twelve pictures which were found in the room, mentioned in our last.

Various conjectures have been formed to account for the meaning of these pictures. Two systems in particular have been proposed: the first, that the room from whence they were taken was a *cubiculum*, or bed-chamber, the walls of which used to be painted with indecent pictures: the second, that it was only a common *triclinium*, designed for meals, and that the paintings bear some relation to that subject.

The picture which we have selected March, 1773.

for our present purpose represents two beautiful female dancers, who are performing a graceful movement commonly practised in the Italian dances. They are joining hands, whilst one with her fore-finger and thumb gently lays hold on the middle finger of the other. Their vests are extremely proper, both in respect of colour and fitness; one of them being yellow and transparent, and the other green with a border of vermillion. One of the figures has a large band or veil upon her head, like a turban, which goes round her temples several times. Both together, they exhibit a beautiful and elegant representation of something which the connoisseurs have not yet discovered.

T

Correct

*Correct List and Account of the Bishops of London.**(Continued from page 81 of our last.)*

THE last-mentioned bishop (the thirty-third in order of succession) was

1051. William, a Norman, chaplain to King Edward the Confessor; in whose episcopacy fell out the Norman conquest, viz. 1066. This bishop procured, from William the Conqueror, many valuable privileges to the citizens of London: in grateful memorial of which they yearly went, till about the middle of the last century, in solemn procession round his tomb, in the nave of the church of St. Paul, where they caused an epitaph to be engraven, as an acknowledgement of their gratitude. This good bishop died 1075, and was succeeded by

1075. Hugo de Oswell, by the interest of King William; but however, within some time after his preferment, he fell into a leprosy, for the cure of which he suffered himself to be castrated; but it little availed him, for notwithstanding he continued a leper all his life, and so died Jan. 12, 1085. The same year succeeded,

1085. Mauricius, chaplain and chancellor to the Conqueror, and was by him nominated to the see of London. He was consecrated at Winchester on Christmas-day, 1086, by Landfranck, archbishop of Canterbury. In the beginning of his time, the church of St. Paul, together with the greater part of the city, was burnt. He laid the foundation of a vast cathedral. This bishop crowned King Henry I. the Archbishop Anselm being absent, anno 1100, and died Sept. 26, 1107.

1108. Richard de Belmeis, consecrated by Archbishop Anselm, July 26, 1108, and the same year was, by the king, consecrated warden of the marches of Wales. This bishop shewed a zeal for the church inimitable by any of his predecessors, by bestowing all his episcopal revenues towards the rebuilding the cathedral church of St. Paul. He procured of the king part of his castle ditch of the Palatine Tower,

for the wall of the church-yard, which he almost totally encompassed with a very strong one. He also procured the king's command, that all those ships and vessels, that brought stone to the church, should be free from toll or custom. Moreover, the king granted him all great fish that might be taken within the precincts of his lands. The bishop purchased whole streets near his cathedral church, and pulled down the houses for a cemetery or church-yard, and nearly enclosed the same within a wall. He gave, for the service of the altar, the rent of his new wharf upon the river Thames (now, as is supposed, called Paul's wharf) to the canons of the church; further giving them the benefit of all oblations, which should henceforth be offered on the festivals of St. Peter and St. Paul. He also gave to Hugh, the school-master of St. Paul's school, and his successors, the habitation of Durandus, at the corner of the Turret or Bell-tower, together with the custody of the library belonging to the church. Thus this bishop, sitting twenty years, and employing all his revenues towards the endowment of the officers, and the fabrick of this church, was yet unable to finish it: so that, growing weary of this tedious work, he gave it over by little and little, and, diverting his substance another way, he founded a college of regular canons at St. Osyth in Essex, divers times intending to resign his bishoprick, and to become a regular canon in his own new-built monastery, and the rather as he had been seized with the palsy about four years before his death; but he deferred so long putting this in execution, that he was surprised by death, Jan. 16, 1128, and was buried in the church of St. Osyth.

1128. Gilbertus Universalis, a canon of Lyons, was consecrated at Canterbury by William Corboyl, archbishop of that see; a very aged, very learned, and very rich man. He died travelling to Rome, Aug. 8, 1134.

See

See vacant seven years.

1141. Robert de Sigillo was made bishop by the power of the Empress Maud. He was a monk of Reading, and died eating of grapes tainted with poison, anno 1150 or 1151.

1152. Richard de Belmeis the second (nephew to Richard de Belmeis the first, the beneficent bishop) archdeacon of Middlesex, was consecrated at Canterbury by Theobald the archbishop, Sept. 28, 1152, and died May 4, 1162. To him succeeded,

1163. Gilbert Foliot. He was once prebendary of Newington in this church, after that he was made abbot of Gloucester, 1139, from whence he was promoted to the see of Hereford, 1148, being the first English bishop that was canonically translated from one bishoprick to another. In all the altercations and animosities between Thomas Becket, archbishop of Canterbury, and King Henry II. he adhered most faithfully to the king, and was partaker of all his councils. He died at London Feb. 18, 1187.

See vacant two years.

1189 Richard de Ely, surnamed Fitzneal, (being son to Nigellus second bishop of Ely) was by King Richard (according as his father King Henry II. had before designed) made bishop of London; before he was archdeacon of Colchester, and dean of Lincoln. He was consecrated at Lambeth by Baldwyn, archbishop of Canterbury, Dec. 13, 1189. He founded a chantry in the church of St. Paul, at the altar of Thomas Becket, and another at the altar of St. Dionis. He gave to St. Paul's school all the tithes of his demesnes at Fulham and Horfett. He died Sept. 10, 1198.

1198. William de St. Mariae, a Norman, Canon of York, and St. Paul's, chosen Sept. 16, 1198, consecrated by Hubert archbishop of Canterbury, May 23, 1199. He was one of those bishops that interdicted the whole realm, at the pope's command, March 24, 1208, and went privately out of England, and was exiled five years: at length all things being reconciled, he returned to his bishoprick, where, after he had sat above twenty-one years, voluntarily resigned, Jan. 26, 1221, and took upon him the habit of a canon regular of St. Osyth,

Essex, where he died, March 27, 1221.

1221. Eustace de Fauconbergh, one of the king's justices, privy councillor to King John and King Henry III. afterward high treasurer of England, was chosen bishop of London in 1221, consecrated at Westminster April 25,

1222. The year following a great controversy was ended between him and the dean and chapter of St. Paul's, on the one part, and William the abbot and the monks of Westminster on the other part, by the arbitrators, who were the archbishop of Canterbury (viz. Stephen Langton) and the bishops of Winchester and Salisbury, and the priors of Merton and Dunstable: whereby it was agreed, that the monastery of Westminster to the church of St. Margaret adjoining, should be wholly exempt from the jurisdiction of the bishop of London. At length he died Nov. 2, 1228, and was buried in the south wall of his own cathedral above the choir.

1229. Roger Niger, archdeacon of Colchester, was consecrated at Canterbury. This bishop was well skilled in learning, a lover of religion and the liberties of mankind. He was also very stout and courageous, as may appear by his threatening the king's officers with an anathema, (who violently took Hubert de Burgh, earl of Kent, from the altar) unless they brought him back to the same place, and never left the king (Henry III.) till he restored him to liberty. He also had the boldness to excommunicate the king's officers for hindering Walter bishop of Carlisle, at Dover, from going beyond sea, because he had not the king's leave; and this excommunication he repeated in the king's presence, at Hereford. He ordained that all the citizens of London should pay to their parish priests a half-penny out of every pound, and a farthing out of every ten shillings, every Lord's Day, which constitution was afterwards confirmed by Thomas Arundel, archbishop of Canterbury, 1397, and by several popes, and at last by the common council of London, 1464. This prelate was very liberal in building St. Paul's, and on Oct. 1, 1240, in presence of the king himself (Henry III.) and Otho

Otho the pope's legate, and many other dignitaries, he solemnly consecrated the choir. He died at his manor at Stepney, Sept. 29, 1241, was buried in the North Isle, near the

choir, and was esteemed a saint. He founded a chantry in his cathedral church for the souls of Ralph and Margery his parents.

[To be continued.]

The FURIES, a Fable. From the German of M. LESSING.

MY Furies begin to turn old, said Pluto to the messenger of the gods: I must have others more fresh and young: go then, and take a circuit through the earth, and chuse me three persons proper to fulfil the employment which I destine them. Mercury obeyed, and departed.

A short time after this, Juno said to Iris, Could you not find out for me among the mortals, two or three girls, sage, but perfectly so? You understand me: I have a great desire to confound Venus, who so often boasts that she has subjected the whole sex to her dominion. Go, and endeavour to make this discovery. Iris departed, and searched every corner

of the earth, but in vain. She at length resolved to return. Ah! cried Juno, seeing her return alone, is it possible! O virtue! O chastity!

Goddeß, said Iris, I would have brought you three girls who were all three perfectly sage—who all three had never in their life smiled upon a man—who all three had destroyed in their heart the very seeds of love; but alas! I arrived too late. How, too late! said Juno? Yes too late:—Mercury had just carried them off for Pluto—

For Pluto!—and what would Pluto make of these virtuous girls!—
FURIES.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

THE BRITISH THEATRE.

DRURY-LANE.

ON Saturday the 27th of February a new tragedy, called *Alonzo*, (written by Mr. Home, the author of *Douglas* and other tragedies) was first exhibited at this theatre.

The characters and fable follow:

Pelagio	- - -	Mr. Aickin.
Alonzo	- - -	Mr. Reddish.
Alberto	- - -	Mr. Clinch.
Velasco	- - -	Mr. Jefferson.
Sebastian	- - -	Mr. Palmer.
Cottollo	- - -	Mr. J. Aickin.
Hamet	- - -	Mr. Wright.
Officer	- - -	Mr. Bannister.
Ormisinda	- - -	Mrs. Barry.
Teresa	- - -	Miss Mansell.

In the beginning of the play we are given to understand, that Alonzo, many years ago, was a noble warrior in high favour with Pelagio, King of Spain; but, having unluckily quarrelled with Ramirez the king's son, he killed him in a duel, for which he was obliged to fly.

Previous to this accident, he had entered into very tender engagements with Ormisinda, the king's daughter. They loved each other, and were married. The marriage was celebrated in private, and only five days before he had killed Ramirez. The night before his flight, while he had been watching the return of Ormisinda from the city, he saw her, by moon-light, led through a grove by a young gentleman, whose familiarity with her left Alonzo no doubt that she had jilted him. Without further proof, therefore, he set off immediately from Asturias (where the court then resided, and which is the scene of the tragedy) and retired into the wilds of Asia, resolved to think no more of the woman who had sold his honour to a stripling.

This sudden departure distracted Ormisinda, who could not account for so extraordinary a step by a husband who loved her, and whom she loved.

loved. In due time she became pregnant, and was delivered of a son, whom, to screen the secret of her marriage, she consigned to Costollo, in a remote part of the country, to be educated, giving him the name of Alberto, instead of his real name Alonzo.

Sixteen years had now elapsed, and nothing had transpired on either side. After a various contest between the Spaniards and Moors, the fate of the war was agreed to be determined by two champions, one on each side. The Moorish champion was so formidable for strength and stature, that it was universally agreed there was not a Spaniard living who could prevail against him, except Alonzo.— At this time Alberto, tired with leading a retired life, and ambitious of glory, had arrived at the court, after performing a feat of great prowess on his journey. While he is relating to the king this adventure, and giving an account of himself, he is known by his mother; who, on his offering to attack the Moorish champion, is torn with maternal pangs for his safety. She is relieved, however, by the arrival of a messenger, who says, that Alonzo, alarmed for the fate of his country, had sent the Persian prince Abdallah to contend with the Moor. This prince having been greatly celebrated for his martial services, every one is happy to hear of his arrival, except young Alberto, who regrets the loss of so good an occasion to signalize himself.

Alonzo now appears under the name and dress of Abdallah. The king thanks him; and informs that his daughter Ormisinda will be his prize, should he be the conqueror. The prince tells him he cannot accept that; but he will ask another favour of him.

The champions having entered the lists, Abdallah conquers, and returns to court amidst the acclamations of the people. He now asks of the king, as his only reward, that he will do justice to his friend Alonzo. The king promises. Abdallah then publicly charges Ormisinda, who is present, with adultery, and insists that she be put to death. This charge creates universal astonishment; and

March, 1773.

Pelagio replies, that he never knew she was married. The princess then confesses her marriage with Alonzo, but denies the charge of adultery. Alberto, as if conscious of her innocence, offers to assert it against Abdallah, who treats the youthful adventurer with great contempt. The princess is alarmed with fresh sorrows for her son; and to save him from a contention with the more powerful Abdallah, declares that she will not submit to have her reputation cleared by combat, but wishes rather to be confronted with Alonzo himself. Abdallah now retires, soon enters as Alonzo, and continues his accusations. Alberto suddenly draws upon him; and the princess, shocked by the idea of a combat between the father and the son, rushes in between them, and stabs herself. While she is dying, she discovers to Alonzo that Alberto is his son; and it now also appears, that the young gentleman whom Alonzo had seen with his wife in the grove was no other than her maid Teresa, who assumed the habit of a man, the better to conduct her mistress in the night-time. Alonzo, distracted by this information, stabs himself, and thus falls a victim to jealousy.

Perhaps it will be sufficient, in order totally to condemn this fable, to observe that the circumstance upon which the whole is founded is in the highest degree improbable, impossible, and unimportant. Alonzo had been married five days, when in consequence of his duel he is obliged to fly into banishment. Previous to his setting off he is to have a last interview with his beloved wife. The moment for the interview is arrived, and he is waiting for his wife at the appointed place. He sees her approaching to meet him, accompanied with a youth. Struck with the dreadful sight, Alonzo (the boldest and bravest man in Spain) falls into a swoon, and when he recovers, sets off for Asia, leaving Ormisinda only the comfort of a note, which informs her that she was unfaithful to his love. One question overturns the probability of this; if this youth had been Ormisinda's gallant, would she indeed have carried him with her to give her husband the meeting? This

is the foundation ; and, finding it to be so slight, we should be idle to examine the superstructure.

The succeeding incidents of the fable are equally improbable and trifling. — And yet this play was not condemned. We are sorry to observe the temper of the public so indolent, that it neglects in so inexcusable a manner the interests of taste, upon which in a great degree our national character is established. There is a kind of public pride which every nation ought to possess, and which can never be exerted more laudably than in support of its literary character, because from this source men of taste and judgment will draw their ideas concerning us, and will accordingly pronounce us ignorant or humane, contemptible or virtuous.

In this tragedy the author has not displayed any variety of character. Indeed, the only striking characters with which he has presented us are merely transcripts of the *dramatis personæ* of his own *Douglas*.

The sentiments are not numerous, though the descriptions are : the impropriety of which will strike every reader who is possessed of any little share of taste. In the diction, the author has descended to a vulgarity which tragedy ought not to stoop to. He has split upon this rock by his usual attempts at simplicity of style. Our author has frequently experienced how dangerous attempts of this kind are !

On the whole, this tragedy is not worthy of the British stage.

COVENT - GARDEN.

At this theatre a new tragedy called *Alzuma*, the production of Mr. *Murphy*, was performed for the first time on Tuesday the 23d of February. The fable, and its characters, were as follows.

Alzuma	-	-	Mr. Smith.
Osmar	-	-	Mr. Perry.
Pizarro	-	-	Mr. Hull.
Don Carlos	-	-	Mr. Bensley.
Gonzalez	-	-	Mr. Gardener.
Orellana	-	-	Mrs. Hartley.
Orazia	-	-	Miss. Miller.

Virgins, Mrs. WILLEMS, Miss PIERCE, Miss BROWN, Miss WELITZER, &c.

The story of this piece is supposed to have happened at Cusco, the capital of Peru, and soon after the establishment of the Spanish monarchy in that kingdom. The conquest was effected by Pizarro, the Spanish general, who put the reigning Inca, or emperor, to death, for refusing to embrace the Christian religion. The empress being more pliable, she followed the faith, and even married Pizarro. Young Carlos is the son of Pizarro, and is enamoured of Orellana, the empress's daughter, who cannot, however, be prevailed upon by the intreaties of all her friends to listen to his addresses.

The circumstance on which Orellana's soul dwelt, was the fate of her absent brother Alzuma. At seven years of age he had left the country, and had been now absent ten years, without any account having been received of him. In his absence the country had been conquered, his father killed, his mother married, all which made his fate more precarious. In this situation affairs stand nearly about the beginning of the piece.

In the course of one or two scenes, Orellana pours out many affectionate sorrows for the lost Alzuma, and a procession appears, in which the following words are sung.

The Words sung by the VIRGINS of the SUN, in the Second Act.

Sung behind the Scenes.

WHETHER in silent groves ye stray,
Glow in the Stars, or Solar way.

The PROCESSION appears.
A I R.

Bright orb, that rul'st the ætherial way,
And pour'st the radiant flood of day ;
Thou silver regent of the night,
Who shed'st o'er all thy sober light ;

DUET.

Hear your own servants, hear our Virgins throng ;
O save *Alzuma*, hear our mystic song !

A I R.

Ye stars, that gleam from pole to pole ;
Ye thunders, o'er our heads that roll ;
Ye lightnings, rains, ye storms on high,
That speak the present deity ;

CHORUS.

Hear your own servants, &c. &c.

RECIT. accompanied.

Ye band of venerable just ;
Ye warriors, long since laid in dust :

A I R.

A I R.

Whether in silent groves ye stray,
Glow in the stars, or Solar way :

C H O R U S.

Whither in silent, &c. &c.

A I R.

Assemble all ye mighty dead,
And stalk around the murd'rer's bed ;
In his fell heart with dismal yell,
Awaken all the fiends of hell ;

DUET and CHORUS.

Assist ALZUMA, arm each honest hand,
And tear a guilty tyrant from the land !

She next makes a vow to the Sun, (for before the arrival of the Spaniards, she had been a Virgin of the Sun) that she will never renounce her gods, and rejects the love of Carlos. Two prisoners are announced, the chiefs of the natives, who had been taken in the battle. These prisoners are Alzuma and his friend Osmar, who having heard the proffer made them of the Christian faith, refused it with disdain, and were therefore doomed to death. Thro' the intercession of Orellana, however, with Carlos, they are saved, on condition of their leaving the place immediately.

During all this time Alzuma and his friend are not known to, nor do they know, any of the court. But in an interview between Orellana and Alzuma, the former having been very eager in her enquiries after Alzuma, he informs her that he had seen him. This leads to a future interview by appointment.

When the time arrives, they meet in a grove ; and Orellana having given a cloth to Alzuma, on which was painted the story of her woes, in order to be delivered to her brother whenever he should see him, Alzuma immediately discovers her to be his sister, and they embrace affectionately. Unluckily Carlos, who had been secretly a witness of these embraces, had constructed the whole into a love-affair, and became fired with jealousy. He therefore resolves upon immediate vengeance against his supposed rival, and contrives to have him brought once more to the altar, to chuse a new religion or death. Here, however, he is again saved by the zeal of his sister, who threatens instantly to stab herself, if Alzuma should die.

But religious zeal does not here stop its persecution. Alzuma is carried a third time to the altar to suffer death. All the court is assembled at this scene ; but Pizarro being called out upon some urgency, leaves the charge of the execution to Orazia, who is yet ignorant that the victim she is about to sacrifice is her son. The executioner's sword is unsheathed, and ready to fall, when she discovers, Alzuma by seeing a mark upon his breast. Maternal affection now takes place of every other passion, and she is now as eager to save him as she was before to destroy him. She speaks to him in private, to endeavour to make him a convert, but without the least effect. Pizarro, however, is resolved to be satisfied with nothing less than a formal renunciation of his gods. After some time, Alzuma at length seems to comply with this injunction, and a time is appointed to meet at the altar, to make a formal avowal of his conversion. Orellana hears this resolve of her brother's with detestation, till he informs her that the only purpose of it is to execute a secret design he had formed ; and he desires her to detain her mother, if possible, from going there, lest she should be present at the scene of blood he is to produce. He departs for the altar, where Pizarro waited for him : and Orazia soon after joining Orellana, they hear a noise and the clashing of swords. Orazia flies to the place ; and Carlos soon after enters, and relates that Pizarro had suddenly fallen by the hand of Alzuma. Alzuma now enters exulting, and he is followed by Orellana, who damps his joy by telling him, that his sword had wounded his mother, as she was rushing in her zeal between him and her husband. His grief on this becomes excessive. Orazia is then led in, and after requesting of Carlos to forgive her son for the murder of his father, dies. Carlos obeys her dying injunction, complying at the same time with the dictates of the Christian religion. Alzuma and Orellana, charmed with the religion which could teach him to think so nobly, express their admiration of it, and give some room to hope that they will one time or other become converts to it. Thus ends the play.

This tragedy is a strong proof, that art, in the hands of an *artful* writer, will frequently have the same good effects as nature herself. In *Alzuma*, there is part of the latter, mixed with a profuse quantity of the former.

In the story, the mutual *irrecollection* of the mother and the son appears highly improbable; a circumstance which seems to be still exceeded by that in the last act, where Alzuma has an opportunity of killing Pizarro, surrounded as he was by his guards, his son, his friends, &c. and this not by one blow, but by repeated blows. Could none of them interpose? Impossible.

In the conduct of the scenery, however, the poet has displayed great skill. He has presented us with a series of peculiar and striking situations, which are in a high degree productive of strong influence upon the passions. The audience is held in suspense; the plot does not unravel till the last scene, though every scene has contributed in some degree to its perfection.

In his characters, the author has not studied uniformity: in the sentiments, he has not studied novelty: and in the language, there is more of correctness than of warmth.

Upon the whole; in the representation, this tragedy yields considerable pleasure. We do not think it would be equally fortunate in the closet.

On Monday the 15th of this month was first performed at this theatre a new comedy, called *She Stoops to Conquer, or The Mistakes of a Night*, written by Dr. Goldsmith. The characters are,

Hardcastle	- -	Mr. Shuter.
Young Marlow	-	Mr. Leves.
Hastings	- -	Mr. Dubellamy.
Squire Lumpkin	-	Mr. Quick.
Sir Cha. Marlow	-	Mr. Gardner.
Alehouse keeper,	}	Mess. Thompson,
Countrymen,		Saunders, Davis,
and Servants		&c.
Mrs. Hardcastle	-	Mrs. Green.
Miss Hardcastle	-	Mrs. Bulkley.
Miss Neville	-	Mrs. Kniveton.

Mr. Hardcastle is a plain honest country gentleman. His wife is well-

meaning, but foolish and positive, and so indulgent to her son, Squire Lumpkin, that she has given him no education for fear of hurting his health. This Squire is quite a spoiled child, regardless of his mother, fond of low company, and full of mischievous humour. Miss Hardcastle is a lively and amiable young lady, whom her father is desirous of marrying to young Marlow the son of Sir Charles. This Marlow is a fashionable young fellow, who has constantly lived in the pleasures of the town; and by being accustomed to the company of courtisans only, is in great dread of modest women, and behaves in their presence with a very awkward bashfulness. Miss Neville is a niece of Mrs. Hardcastle's, has a good fortune, and lives in the family. It is the purpose of the relations to have this young lady married to Squire Lumpkin; but this couple have not the least regard for each other. On the contrary, the Squire is enamoured with a vulgar country-beauty; and Miss Neville has a strong *penchant* for Mr. Hastings, the friend of Young Marlow. These two gentlemen had never been at Hardcastle's, but the former is expected every moment from London; and Hastings, by an agreement with Marlow, was to accompany him thither as his friend, but in fact to have an opportunity of seeing and conversing with his mistress, Miss Neville.

Thus the whole story is situated at the beginning of the play; near which time the young Squire is discovered in an ale-house, revelling with his pot companions. At this time the landlord enters to inform him, that two gentlemen were at the door enquiring their way to Mr. Hardcastle's. He, on seeing them, guessed Marlow to be one of them, because he was expected. The Squire, after cracking many of his coarse jokes upon the travellers, mischievously informs them that as it was late, and they cannot be accommodated that night at the ale house, if they will walk on for about a mile, they will come to a very good inn, which they might know by seeing a pair of stag's horns over the gate. This, in truth, was Hardcastle's; but the Squire wanted fun, and he got it; for when the gentlemen

gentlemen arrived there, thinking themselves in an inn, they used very great freedom, to the utter astonishment of Hardcastle; for he accidentally heard Marlow named, and knew him; but he resolved to hold his tongue.

Soon after their arrival here, Hastings meets with Miss Neville, who undeceives him with respect to their mistake; but he begs her to conceal it yet from Marlow, whose natural diffidence would force him to quit the family immediately, which he had so freely, though unwittingly, used. Miss Neville informs her cousin Miss Hardcastle of the whole; and this lady (being obliged to dress herself very plainly every evening to please a whim of her father's) agrees to pass herself upon Marlow as the bar-maid of the inn, in order to carry on the plot. From these different dispositions arise all the Mistakes of the Night.

After many laughable scenes which arise from the mutual misunderstanding of the several parties, Hardcastle at length flies into a violent passion, and accidentally mentions some circumstances to Marlow which alarm him. Marlow, in short, discovers his error, and consequently undergoes much confusion and agitation; but the arrival of his father adjusts every difference, and he receives with joy the hand of Miss Hardcastle, who, in her character of bar-maid, had greatly charmed him, and who, in consequence, might be said to have Stooped to Conquer.

While these things are transacting, the counter-plot goes on successfully. Hastings gains over the Squire to his interest, and this hopeful son contrives to steal Miss Neville's jewels out of his mother's bureau, and gives them to Hastings, who was preparing to run away with his mistress. But the jewels being very valuable, he is unwilling to carry them with him on so hasty a journey, and gives them to Marlow to keep for him: Marlow, from the same laudable motives of security, consigns them to the keeping of Mrs. Hardcastle, whom he at this time supposed to be the landlady of the inn. Thus the old lady recovers the jewels; by which, and by means of a letter from Hastings to

the Squire, which she read, she discovers the plot laid by the lovers for an elopement.

This plot known, Mr. Hardcastle is greatly alarmed, as it threatened the destruction of her favourite scheme of marriage between her son and Miss Neville. She therefore determines to carry her that very night to her aunt's, about forty miles off. She soon hurries the young lady into the coach, and sets off under the guidance of the Squire on horseback. Before their departure, however, the Squire whispers to Hastings not to despair yet, for he was still his friend, and would meet him behind the garden at a certain time which he named. Having set off, he leads his mother through danks, bogs, and quagmires, in a dirty condition, round through lanes and by-roads, till he landed her just at the back of her own garden, and then told her she was at least 40 miles from home, and upon a heath. Here, after a variety of roguish tricks with which he alarmed her, Hardcastle advances, and, after some misunderstanding, the parties recognize each other. In the mean time Hastings fled to his mistress, who was left in the coach; but they agree, instead of running away, to return to the family, and throw themselves upon the generosity of the Hardcastles. Mrs. Hardcastle will by no means consent to their union, insisting that Miss Neville cannot be married till her son is of age, who by articles was either to accept or refuse her hand — articles upon which her fortune depended. Hardcastle, however, obviates this, by informing the Squire that he has been already of age three months, and that he may do what he pleases. Lumpkin willingly refuses her, and her hand is consequently given to Hastings: with which the play concludes.

This comedy is not ill calculated to give pleasure in the representation; but when we regard it with a critical eye, we find it to abound with numerous inaccuracies. The fable (a fault too peculiar to the hasty productions of the modern Comic Muse) is twisted into incidents not naturally arising from the subject, in order to *make things meet*; and consistency is repeatedly violated for the sake of the

humour. But perhaps we ought to sign a general pardon to the author, for taking the field against that monster called Sentimental Comedy, to oppose which his comedy was avowedly written. Indeed, the attempt was bold, considering the strength of the enemy; and we are glad to observe that our author still keeps the field with flying colours. — But, (metaphor apart) it appears that the Doctor was too ardent. Well considering that the public were long accustomed to cry, he resolved to make them laugh at any rate. In aiming at this point, he seems to have stepped too far; and in lieu of comedy he has sometimes presented us with farce.

These redundancies are certainly the chief blots in his play. A stricter consistency in the fable, and a better attention to the unity of time in particular, would have exalted the comedy to a good and just reputation.

HAY - MARKET.

Mr. Foote's new entertainment, styled the *Primitive Puppet-Shew*, was first exhibited about the middle of February. However, to obviate some objections made to it by the audience, particularly its being too short, it was withdrawn for some time. The second edition of it was given on Saturday the 6th of this month, and was approved by the public.

This entertainment consists of three grand divisions: the oration; the comedy; and the scene with Punch. The first is chiefly humorous; the subject of it is, "that species of the drama denominated the *Puppet-Shew*." In this introduction he ascends to the origin of this antient entertainment, which he finds in Egypt: from whence it passed through Grecian strainers to Rome, where it long flourished. At length, however, the arrival of the barbarous Goths put a period to it; "and manners, sciences, puppet shews, and all the other elegant arts, fell together." He then passes into a description of his own puppets, which is replete with humour; and he concludes with

strokes of severe ridicule on the present state of our theatres.

The comedy then begins, the general tenor of which is to ridicule the tame and unnatural spirit of the modern comedy. This ludicrous piece is professedly sentimental, and is called *The Handsome House-maid*, or *Piety in Pattens*. Mr. Foote previously informs us, that it breathes the true spirit of the modern Thalia, for we should find in it neither wit nor humour, qualities which were now become quite unfashionable, and banished from the stage by the universal consent of his brother writers. The humourist was as good as his word, for his comedy was a close copy of those modern plays which disgrace our theatre. The same incidents, sentiments, and words are introduced. That insipid dialogue which Cumberland, Kelly, Griffiths, and the rest of the sentiment-mongers, have made fashionable upon the theatre, are parodied and ridiculed; and the rage for French translation is hooted repeatedly; for, as Mr. Foote remarks, French plays are so flimzy that they ought to be told in the French language only. — To this comedy an humorous scene is tacked: a constable entering carries the puppets before a justice, as vagrants and strollers. The case is argued by counsel; and the arguments (in which many jokes are passed upon the puppets, and upon Mr. Foote's wooden leg) are productive of much laughter.

These scenes are succeeded by one between Mr. Foote and Punch. Their conversation contains many farcasms upon persons and things, and neither the state nor the theatre is spared. At the conclusion of it, Punch introduces some excellent mimical imitations, in which he borrows the voice and manner of some of the principal players with great art. This part of the performance is most happily executed.

The whole merits the patronage of the public, because it combats an overgrown literary monster — the modern drama.

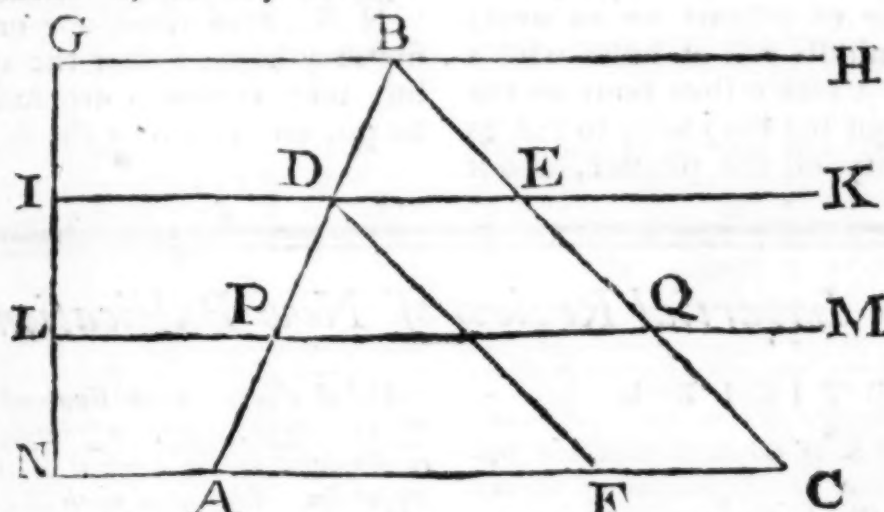
MATHE.

MATHEMATICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To S E A R C H.

S I R,
As you cannot without proof assent to what I have asserted to be evident without it, in my investi-

gation of the reality of the ratio of similar triangles, I therefore exhibit the truth of those assertions by the following process.



To divide each of the sides BA and BC of the triangle ABC into three equal parts, by equidistant lines, drawn parallel to the side AC. Prolong CA to N, and parallel to NC; draw GH, erect NG perpendicular to NC, which divide into three equal parts NL = LI = IG. Through the sides BA and BC draw IK and LM, parallel to NC and GH, and the thing is done; for the parts AP, PD, and DB, being in like position between the equidistant parallel lines, must therefore be equal; and, for the same reason, the parts CQ, QE, and EB, are equal. By this method of dividing the sides BA and BC into three equal parts, may the sides BA and AC be divided into three equal parts; but the side BA is already divided into three equal parts; consequently the equidistant lines drawn parallel to BC, and dividing the sides BA and AC into three equal parts, will inter-

sect the side BA in the very same points with those lines dividing the sides BA and BC into three equal parts; and it is very obvious that this will ever be the case, let the number of equal divisions be what it will: therefore, by putting $a = AB$, $b = BC$, $d = AC$, and $n =$ the number of equal divisions, we have $\frac{a}{n} =$ one of the equal divisions of the side AB, or $\frac{a}{n} = DB$, and $\frac{b}{n} = BE$, and by subtraction $AD = \frac{n-1}{n} \times a$, $CE = \frac{n-1}{n} \times b$, $DF = \frac{n-1}{n} \times d$, and $FC = DE = \frac{d}{n}$. Q. E. D.

JOHN PURNELL.

NEW QUESTION PROPOSED.

WHEN a hole is broke through ice, the water will rise above the level of the ice. Quere, The reason of it?

To the EDITOR of the LONDON MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THIS being the season in which agues are most rife, I have sent you the following easy and almost infallible receipt, to be communicated to the public through the channel of your Magazine. I have experienced the efficacy of it on myself, friends, and neighbouring poor, who are most

subject thereto, for more than twenty years, and have very rarely found it to fail. In those few instances, where it has not had the desired effects, I have reason to believe, that the ague returned by removing the plaister too soon, which should be kept on as long as it will stick.

Take

Take a like quantity of Venice turpentine and frankincense, about two pennyworth of each, which will spread several plaisters. Melt them gradually together in a pipkin or ladle; then prepare a bit of white leather, about the size of a crown-piece, cut in the shape of a heart or an oval; prick the middle full of holes with a large pin or a fork; then pour on the mixture, (not too hot) so as to run to the extremity of the plaister, about

the size of a half-crown, if for a grown person; less in proportion, according to the age of the patient. While it is still hot, grate thereon a little nutmeg, and apply it to the pit of the stomach as hot as can be borne, pressing it close with your hand.

N. B. Sometimes one or two slight fits may happen after the application; but such instances are rare. It is to be put on as soon as the fit is over.

An Impartial Review of New Publications.

ARTICLE I.

MEMOIRS of Great Britain and Ireland. From the Dissolution of the last Parliament of Charles II. until the Sea-battle off La Hogue. By Sir John Dalrymple, Bart. 4to. 11. 1s. Cadell.

This is a work of great historical importance. As we have mentioned at large the discoveries made by it, in another part of our Magazine, we shall be very concise here. We observe with pain, that the learned author's authentication of Lord Russell having intrigued with the French court, and of Algernon Sidney's having received money from it, has induced certain illiberal individuals of our countrymen to attack him with a rage that is as uncandid as it is ignorant. Had the author himself written a treatise formally to disprove the patriotism of those two celebrated personages, he could not have been treated with more barbarous severity, than he has experienced for bringing into the light, actuated by a laudable zeal in the cause of history, papers which were written many years before he was born, and which carry with them every undoubted mark of faith and authenticity. But it appears, that his antagonists, hurried away at the very beginning by their patriotic fury, have not taken time to examine sufficiently the circumstances of his discoveries: had they done this, they would have found (what was actually the case) that the views of Russell and Sidney, in their French connections, ultimately tended to the good of their country, through the means of France: in this, however, they meant to handle France only as a tool which they imagined they could use to the service of their country. In this their views, though without success, were as intentionally honest as if they had succeeded; and whether they appeared to act *against* or *under* France, they were still patriots. But the antagonists of Sir John Dalrymple are blinded by an ignorant fury, and they cannot discover the truth.

II. *A Voyage from England to India in the Year 1754. Also, a Journey from Persia to England by an unusual Route. With an Appendix. Illustrated with Charts, &c.* By Edward Ives, Esq. Fellow of the Royal Society. 4to. 11. 5s. Dilly.

This book, though sometimes too diffusive, is very entertaining, and cannot fail to amuse the reader, as it displays numerous facts both in historical and natural knowledge which have been hitherto little known to us.

III. *The Iliad of Homer. Translated by James Macpherson, Esq.* 4to. 2 vols. 11. 11s. 6d. Dilly.

This new version was attempted, on a presumption that Pope transfused into his rhymes neither the dignity nor the strength of the great original, nor *his* harmony. These, therefore, (it was conceived) could be better preserved in *prose*. To heighten the ridicule of the thing, Mr. Macpherson has affected to copy the expression and arrangement of the original, *verbatim*: and by doing this he has produced a style so distracted, so zig-zag, so unnatural, that we are sometimes forced to struggle for the meaning. It is indeed *poetry run mad*. We recommend this version to the use of school-boys who read Homer, because it will give them the meaning of the Greek *verbatim*: as to men of education and taste, they will discover, before they have read ten pages, that it is unmusical, uninteresting, and tedious, and they will shut the book.

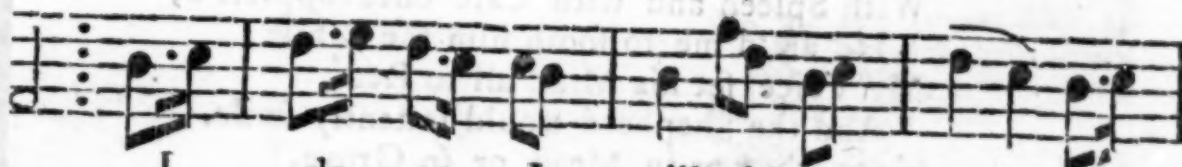
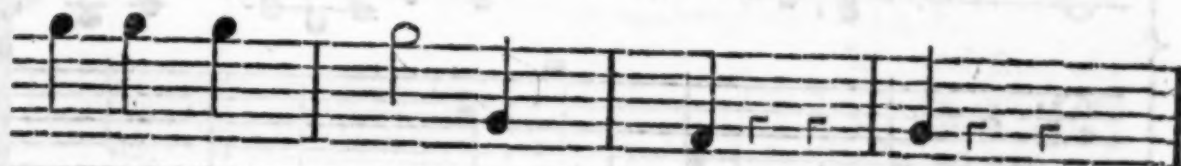
IV. *The Origin of the English Drama.* By Thomas Hawkins, M. A. of Oxford. 3 vols. 9s. Leacroft.

This is a collection of the most ancient English plays, &c. arranged as they were written. The editor, in his notes, has discovered taste and attention. This is the beginning of a work which he intended to have carried on had he lived.

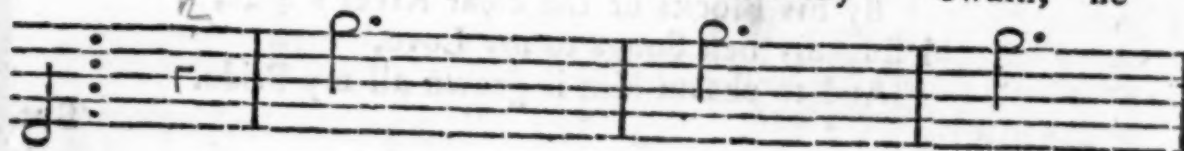
V. *Letters to an Officer stationed at an interior*

MY SWAIN.

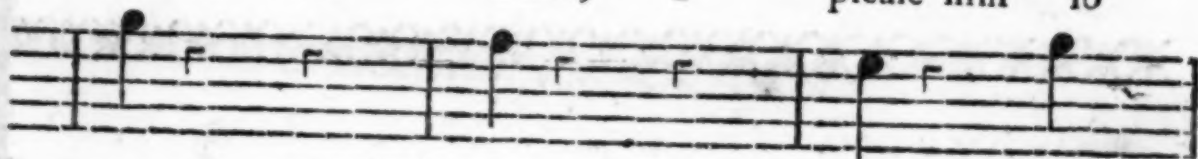
AUXHALL.



I do as I will with my Swain, he



well on the Plain, I please him so



A Song is the Shepherd's De - light, he hears me with



I DO

March

a grown
according
while it is
the nut-
t of the
e, press-

wo slight
ication;
It is to
over.

India in
m Persia
With an
&c. By
oyal So-

o diffu-
t fail to
umerous
l know-
known

lated by
2 vols.

on a
into his
strength
harmony.
i) could
heighten
pherson
and ar-
and by
fracted,
re some-
meaning.
recom-
ool-boys
ve them
r: as to
ill dif-
es, that
tedious,

Drama.
Oxford.

ancient
y were
has dif-
is the
nded to

an in-
terior

I DO AS I WILL

Sung by Miss J

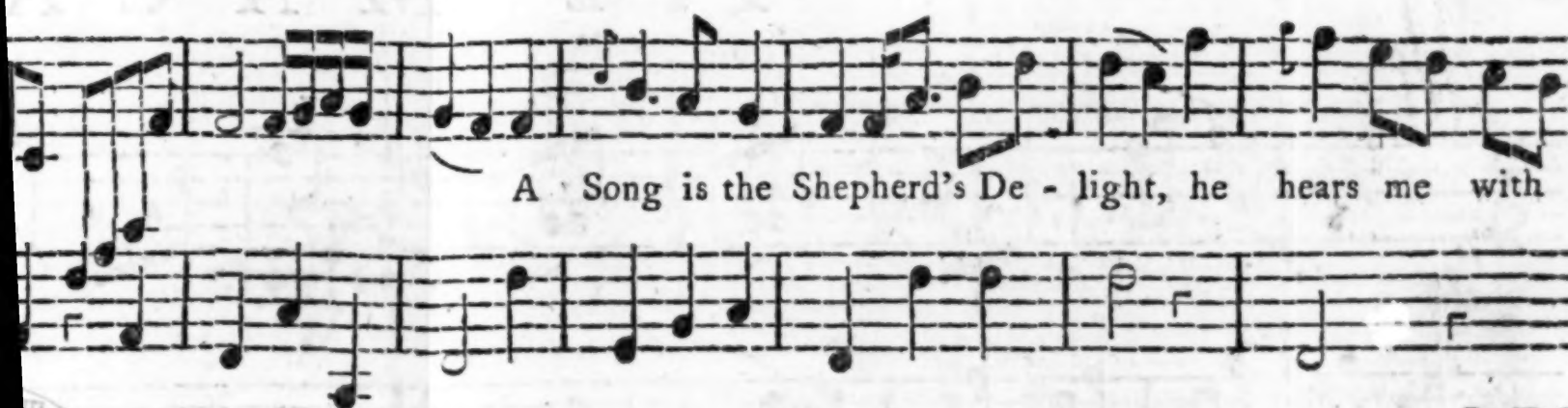
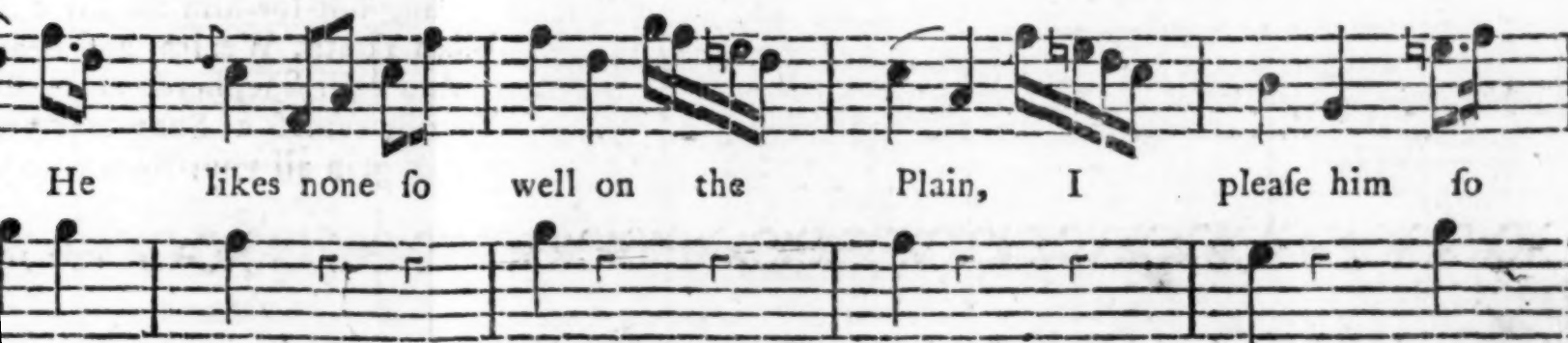
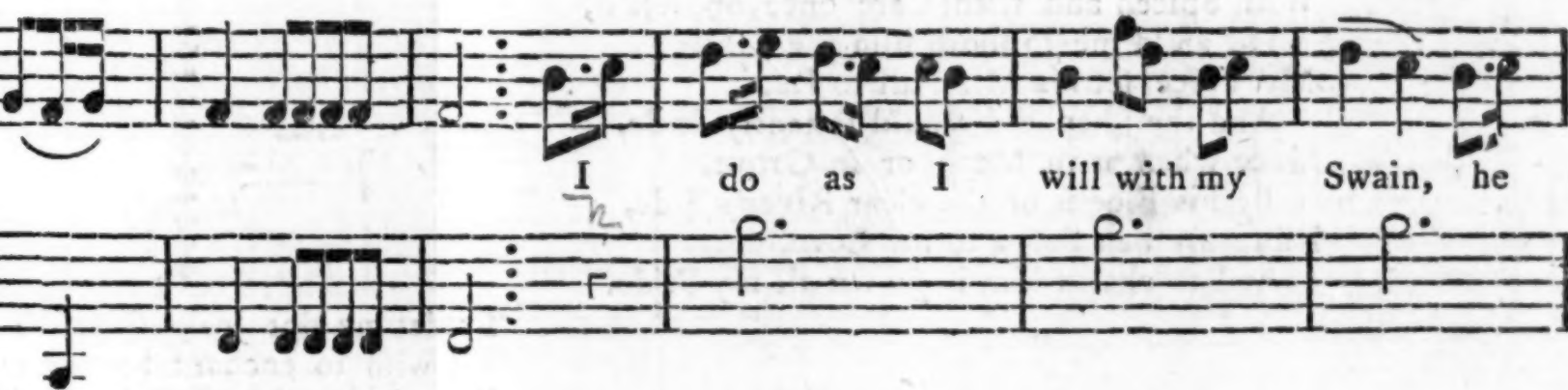
Andante.

The musical score is written for a single voice and piano accompaniment. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line in a treble clef and a piano line in a bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' The lyrics are: 'ne - ver once thinks I am wrong; sy. He much with my Song. sy.' The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and slurs.



L WITH MY SWAIN.

S JAMESON at VAUXHALL.



I DO

I DO AS I WILL WITH MY S

Joy all the Day; he's for - ry when comes the dull Night, that

With Spleen and with Care once oppress'd,
He ask'd me to sooth him the While;
My Voice set his Mind all to Rest,
And the Shepherd would instantly smile.
Since when or in Mead or in Grove,
By his Flocks or the clear River's Side,
I sing my best Songs to my Love,
And to charm him is grown all my Pride.

But let me not Jealousy raise;
I wish to enchant but my S
Enough then for me is his Prai
I sing but for him the lov'd S
When Youth, Wealth, and Bea
And your Shepherds elude al
Your Sweetness of Song may pr
And gain all your Swains to

THE MACA

A handwritten musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on two staves using a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with eighth and sixteenth notes. The first staff contains the main melody, and the second staff contains a shorter, simpler melody. The score is written on aged, slightly yellowed paper.

The 1st Man cast off and turn the 3d Woman \div ; 1st Woman do the same \div ; lead through
tom and Top; foot it 3 and 3 \equiv ; the same sid

MY SWAIN, continued.



No Beauty had I to endear,
 No Treasures of Nature or Art;
 But my Voice, which had gain'd on his Ear,
 Soon found out the Way to his Heart.
 To try if that Voice would not please,
 He took me to join the gay Throng;
 I won the rich Prize with much Ease,
 And my Fame's gone abroad with my Song.

fy raise;
 but my Swain:
 his Praise;
 ne lov'd Strain.
 and Beauty may fail,
 s elude all your Skill,
 g may prevail,
 wains to your Will.



CARONI.



through the Bottom and cast up \div ; lead through the Top and cast off \div ; fall in Bot-
 same sideways \div ; lead out Sides \div

terior Post in
 Leacroft.

Some of the

VI. The Sp

mance. 95. Duc

A satire again

judgment is fu

VII. The Ma

61. Cadell.

This author

describes natur

those idle and

study mankind

dernefs never af

for his misfort

assumes an impo

minates in rid

a politeness of

to no rank, and

I knew a man

manners and of

whose eye was

smiles of good-h

mellowed with

and this man wa

deed! is it no

who was bred a

gifted by Natur

P

For the Lo

A HUM

FULL humbl

For humble

Far from the v

I ask not, for

No nabob's we

Nor royal gifts

Give me, O F

Three hundred

And give a frie

And lean my a

Full humble is n

For humble I hav

For the Lo

A S

Written at a

HAIL to thee

tread,

Thro' Life's low

Nor in pursuit

That swims in

head;

Hail to thee Strang

By spell of Pride

In troublous sce

Oh rather house th

March, 1773.

Continued.

the End of my Lay.

Had I to endear,
 Pres of Nature or Art;
 He, which had gain'd on his Ear,
 Had out the Way to his Heart.
 His Voice would not please,
 He to join the gay Throng;
 With Prize with much Ease,
 His name's gone abroad with my Song.



I.

The 1st Man c lead through the Top and cast off ::; fall in Bot-

Post in North America. 12mo. 1s. 6d. Macrost.

Some of these letters are entertaining.

VI. *The Spiritual Quixote. A Comic Romance.* 9s. Doddsley.

A satire against methodism. The author's judgment is superior to his fancy.

VII. *The Man of the World* 2 vols. 12mo. Cadell.

This author describes well, but he seldom describes nature. He seems to be one of those idle and uninformed philosophers who study mankind in their closets. His tenderness never affects us, and we seldom feel for his misfortunes. In his morality, he assumes an importance which sometimes terminates in ridicule. "There is (says he) politeness of the heart, which is confined to no rank, and dependent on no education. I knew a man in London of the gentlest manners and of the most winning deportment, whose eye was ever brightened with the smiles of good-humour, and whose voice was mellowed with the tones of complacency: — and this man was bred a blacksmith!" — Indeed! is it not very surprising, that a man who was bred a blacksmith should have been gifted by Nature with a complaisant and

good-humoured temper? That a blacksmith should have the same natural advantages with other people is really astonishing!

VIII. *Dumont, or The Hermitage. A British Story.* 12mo. 1s. 6d. Bell.

In this volume the fancy is entirely predominant.

IX. *Woodbury, or the Memoirs of William Marchmont, Esq. and Miss Walbrook.* 12mo. 2 vols. 5s. Bell.

We think this volume will not bear to be twice read.

X. *The Friends, or Original Letters of a Person deceased.* 12mo. 2 vols. 5s. Bell.

This is written with more taste than we usually find in productions of the same kind.

XI. *The Sentimental Spy. A Novel.* 12mo. 2 vols. 5s. Lowndes.

It is not in our power to conjecture why this is called the *Sentimental Spy*. The book contains the adventures of a Footman; and, as if the subject had inspired the author, there is a disgusting vulgarity diffused over the whole.

XII. *Observations on the present State of the parochial and vagrant Poor.* 8vo. Dilly.

These observations are pertinent, just, and liberal.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

A HUMBLE PRAYER.

ALL humble is my pray'r, I ween —
For humble I have always been.

Far from the wishes to be rich,
I ask not, for I need not much:
No nabob's wealth, no fav'rite's place,
Nor royal gifts, nor royal grace:
Give me, O Fortune, give me clear
Three hundred sterling pounds a year:
And give a friend, to lounge, and talk,
And lean my arm on when I walk.

All humble is my pray'r, I ween —
For humble I have always been.

M.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

A SONNET.

Written at a favourite Retirement.

WAIL to thee stranger, who, with patient
tread, [way,
Thro' Life's low vale can't take thy quiet
Nor in pursuit of each rare bawble stray
That swims in airy radiance round thine
head;

Wail to thee stranger, may'st thou ne'er be led
By spell of Pride, or Pleasure's siren lay,
In troublous scenes to wear thy little day;
Rather house thee in some humble shed.

March, 1773.

The lowly vale and humble shed shall save
Thine ear from Folly's barbarous dissonance,
Thine eye from sights of wickedness and
woe;

Whilst round the heights of life the wild
winds rave,

The thunder bellows, and the lightnings
glance,

Soft skies and gentle gales are found below.

Q. Q.

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S ODE

For Colley Cibber, the Laureat.

Written when the late Prince of W—s was
alive.

I Colley Cibber, right or wrong,
Must celebrate this day;
And tune once more my tuneless song,
And strum the venal lay.

Heaven spread thro' all the family

That broad illustrious glare,
That shines so flat in every eye,
And makes them all so stare.

Heaven send the prince of royal race

A little whore and horse;

A little meaning in his face,

And money in his purse.

And, as I have a son like you,

May he Parnassus rule!

So shall the c—, and laurel too,

Descend from fool to fool.

X

SONG

SONG in the Italian Opera of ORPHEUS.

Translated by a Lady.

CAN I forget my beauteous bride,
My earliest joy, my lasting pride?
The dear idea *will* intrude,
Nor would I help it—if I cou'd.
Flow on, fond tears, whilst I retain
The image, which excites my pain.
All, all I ask of heav'n above,
Is still to *weep*—and still to *love*.

An ODE to VIRTUE.

LONG have I sought the living 'midst
the dead;
Far from the crowd, art thou, O Virtue, fled;
Say, in what cave, or hermit's lonely cell,
Dost thou, dear heav'nly sanctifier, dwell?

Teach me by thy attractive pow'r to find
The narrow path, unknown to half mankind;
The path, that leads to thy celestial seat,
In all that's lovely, all that's fair, complete.

Here faint-like spirits dwell, and here the few
Receive from thee their long-expected due;
Thrice happy beings! thus prepar'd to know
The endless joys that from perfection grow.

Here let me learn to curb each vain desire,
And here to holy rectitude aspire;
Here learn to build my house of heav'nly
mould,

Dearer than life, or Cræsus' countless gold.

Grant me the ornaments thy vot'ries love,
Unspotted truth, and wisdom from above,
The noble frankness, talents unconfin'd,
The gentle manners, elevated mind:

The soul sincere that never knows disguise,
And starts from guilt with horror & surprize:
Teach me to rise from earthly views to thee,
And gain, thro' christian faith, true liberty.

P R O L O G U E

*To the Tragedy of ALONZO.**Spoken by Mr. Palmer.*

WHILST ardent zeal for India's re-
formation

Hath fir'd the spirit of a generous nation;
Whilst patriots of presented lacks complain,
And courtiers bribery to excess arraign;
The maxims of Bengal still rule the stage:
The poets are your slaves from age to age.
Like Eastern princes in this house you sit,
The subahs and nabobs of suppliant wit.
Each bard his present brings, when he draws
near;

With prologue first he soothes your gracious
We hope your clemency will shine to-day;
For, tho' despotic, gentle in your sway.
These conscious walls, if they could speak,
would tell

How seldom by your doom a poet fell:
Your mercy oft suspends the critics laws,
Your hearts are partial to an author's cause.

Pleas'd with such lords, content with our
condition,

Against your charter we will ne'er petition.
If certain folks should send us a committee,
(Like that which lately visited the city)
Who, without special leave of our directors,
At the stage-door should enter as inspectors;
Altho' their hearts were arm'd with triple
brass,

Thro' our resisting scenes they could not
Lions and dragons too keep watch and ward,
Witches and ghosts the awful entrance guard;
Heroes who mock the pointed sword are here,
And desp'rate heroines, who know no fear;
If, as Rinaldo stout, each man should prove
To brave the terrors of th' enchanted grove,
Here on this spot, the center of our state,
Here, on this very spot, they'd meet their fate.
The prompter gives the word, & down they go,
Alive, descending to the shades below.

To you, whose empire still may heav'n main-
tain,

Who here by ancient right and custom reign,
Our lions crouch, our dragons prostrate fall,
Witches and ghosts obey your potent call.
Our heroines smile on you with all their
might,

Our boldest heroes tremble in your sight:
Even now, with anxious hearts they watch
your eyes;

Should you but frown, e'en brave *Alonzo* flies.

EPILOGUE to the same.

Spoken by Mrs. Barry.

THO' lately dead, a princess, and of
Spain,

I am no ghost, but flesh and blood again!
No time to change this dress; it is expedient,
I pass for British, and your most obedient.

How happy, ladies, for us all—that we,
Born in this isle, by Magna Charta free,
Are not, like Spanish wives, kept under
lock and key.

The *Spaniard* now is not like him of yore,
Who, in his whisker'd face, his titles bore!
Nor joy, nor vengeance, made him smile or
grin,

Fix'd were his features, tho' the devil within!
He, when once jealous, to wash out the stain,
Stalk'd home, stabb'd madam, and stalk'd out
again.

Thanks to the times, this dagger-drawing
Thro' polish'd Europe is quite out of fashion.
Signor th' Italian, quick of sight and hearing,
Once ever list'ning, and for ever leering,
To *cara spesa* now politely kind,
He, best of husbands, is both deaf and blind.
Mynheer the Dutchman, with his sober pace,
Whene'er he finds his rib has wanted grace,
He feels no branches sprouting from his brain;
But calculation makes of loss and gain;
And when to part with her occasion's ripe,
Mynheer turns out mine frow, and speaks
his pipe.

When a brisk *Frenchman's* wife is given to
It never spoils his singing or his dancing:

Madame

Madame, you're false — *de tout mon cœur* —
adieu!

Begar you cocu me, I cocu you.

He, *soujours gai*, dispels each jealous vapour,
Takes snuff, sings *vive l'amour*, and cuts a
caper.

As for *John Bull*—not he in upper life,
But the plain Englishman who loves his wife;
When honest John, I say, has got his doubts,
He sullen grows, scratches his head, & pouts.
What is the matter with you, love? cries she:
Are you not well, my dearest? Humph! cries
he:

[done:]
You're such a brute! — But, Mr. Bull, I've
And if I am a brute, who made me one?
You know my tenderness, my heart's too full,
And so's my head—I thank you, Mrs. Bull.
O you base man!—Zounds, madam, there's no
bearing.

She falls a weeping, and he falls a swearing.
With tears & oaths the storm domestic ends,
The thunder dies away, the rain descends,
She sobs, he melts, and then they kiss and
friends.

Whatever ease these modern modes may bring,
A little jealousy is no bad thing:
To me, who speak from nature unrefin'd,
Jealousy is the bellows of the mind.
Touch it but gently, and it warms desire:
If handled roughly, you are all on fire!
If it stands still, affection must expire!
This truth no true philosopher can doubt,
Whate'er you do, let not the flame go out.

PROLOGUE

To Mr. Murphy's new Tragedy of *ALZUMA*.

Spoken by Mr. Bensley.

WHEN first Columbus left the Spanish
shore,
In western climes new regions to explore,
Soon a new world, beyond the Atlantic main,
Disclos'd the wonders of its vast domain;
A race of men, unletter'd and untaught,
Strangers to science, yet with virtue fraught.
No school they had of philosophic pride,
And simple reason was their only guide.
That reason in the paths of nature trod,
And worshipping the sun, they meant a God:
Free from the ills in polish'd life that spring,
And gold with them was a neglected thing.

But Europe's sons felt gold's resistless sway;
To the new hemisphere they bend their way.
Thro' ev'ry region carry sword and fire,
And bigot Rage and Avarice conspire.
Zeal bore the cross and poinard in its hand,
And Massacre unpeopled half the land.

Yet to unhappy men, to heroes slain,
The British Muse denies her tragic strain.
Dryden alone let fall the gen'rous tear,
And bade on Albion's stage the feather'd
Chiefs appear.

[sung:]
His voice suppress'd, no bard their fate has
Silent our scene, & mute each tuneful tongue:

While Greece and Rome swell'd our theatric
state,

And only classic heroes could be great.

This night our author, an advent'rer grown,
Dares trace the virtues of the Torrid Zone.
If in his scenes well-painted passions glow,
If there you view the draught of human woe,
Britons will mark, from fierce religious zeal,
What dread calamities weak mortals feel;
Will hear the *Indian*—tho' in error blind,
Against the pow'r that would opinion bind,
Assert the freedom of the human mind.

Ye critics, to whom poets must be civil,
As Indians worship, out of fear, the devil,
Of mod'rate principles you'll own the merit,
Nor hither bring a persecuting spirit.
Let modes of wit some toleration share:
Rome kills for error—be it your's to spare.

EPILOGUE to the same.

Spoken by Mrs. Hartley.

OUR play thus o'er, now swells each
throbbing breast
With expectation of the coming jest.
By *fashion's* law, whene'er the *tragic Muse*
With sympathetic tears each eye bedews;
When some *bright virtue* at her call appears,
Wak'd from the dead repose of rolling years;
When *sacred worthies* she bids breathe anew,
That men may be—what she displays to view;
By *fashion's* law, with light fantastic mien
The comic *sister* trips it o'er the scene;
Arm'd at all points with wit and wanton wiles,
Plays off her airs, & calls forth all her smiles:
Till each fine feeling of the heart be o'er,
And the gay wonder how they wept before.
Say, do you wish, ye bright, ye virtuous train,
That ev'ry tear that fell should fall in vain?

If this night's scenes soft pity could impart,
'Tis yours to fix the fashion of the heart,
Adopt, ye fair, the lost *Alzuma's* cause,
His ruin'd empire, and expiring laws.

For *Orellana* may I dare to plead?
My faults will all your kind indulgence need.
On you my hopes are fix'd — one smile from
you

To me is worth the treasures of Peru.

PROLOGUE

To Dr. Goldsmith's new Comedy called *SHRIMPSTOOPS TO CONQUER*, or *The MIS-TAKES OF A NIGHT*.

Wrote by DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

Spoken by Mr. Woodward.

EXCUSE me, Sirs, I pray — I can't yet
speak—
I'm crying now—and have been all the week!
'Tis not alone this mourning suit, good masters,
I've that within — for which there are no
plaisters.

[crying—]
Pray, would you know the reason why I'm
The Comic Muse, long sick, is now a dying!
And

And if she goes, my tears will never stop ;
 For as a play'r I can't squeeze out one drop :
 I am undone, that's all—shall lose my bread—
 I'd rather, but that's nothing—lose my head.
 When the sweet maid is laid upon the bier,
 Sbutey and I shall be chief mourners here.
 To her a mawkish drab of spurious breed,
 Who deals in sentimentals, will succeed !
 Poor Ned and I are dead to all intents,
 We can as soon speak Greek as sentiments !
 Both nervous grown, to keep our spirits up,
 We now and then take down a hearty cup.
 What shall we do ? — If Comedy forsake us,
 They'll turn us out, and no one else will take us !

But why can't I be moral ? — Let me try—
 My heart thus preffing—fix'd my face & eye—
 With a sententious look, that nothing means,
 (Faces are barbers blocks—in moral scenes)
 Thus I begin—" All is not gold that glitters,
 " Pleasure seems sweet, but proves a glass of
 " bitters.

" When Ign'rance enters, Folly is at hand ;
 " Learning is better far than house or land.

" Let not your virtue trip, who trips may
 " stumble,

" And virtue is not virtue if she tumble."

I give it up—Morals won't do for me ;
 To make you laugh I shou'd play tragedy.
 One hope remains—hearing the maid was ill,
 A Doctor comes this night to shew his skill.
 To cheer her heart, and give your muscles
 motion,

He in five draughts prepar'd presents a potion :
 A kind of magic charm for be assured,
 If you will swallow it, the maid is cured : —
 But desperate the Doctor, and her case is,
 If you reject the dose, and make wry faces !
 This truth he boasts, will boast it while he
 lives, [gives.

No poisonous drugs are mix'd in what he
 Should he succeed, you'll give him his degree,
 If not, within he will receive no fee !

The college you, must his pretensions back,
 Pronounce him *Regular*, or dub him *Quack*.

EPILOGUE to the same.

By Dr. GOLDSMITH.

Spoken by Mrs. Bulkeley.

WELL, having stoop'd to conquer with
 success,

And gain'd a husband without aid from dress,
 Still as a bar-maid, I could wish it too,
 As I have conquer'd him, to conquer you :
 And let me say, for all your resolution,
 That pretty bar-maids have done execution.
 Our life is all a play, compos'd to please,
 " We have our exits and our entrances."

The first act shews the simple country-maid,
 Harmless and young, of every thing afraid ;
 Blushes when hir'd, and with unmeaning
 action,

I hopes as how to give you satisfaction.

Her second act displays a livelier scene—
 The unblushing bar-maid of a country inn,
 Who whisks about the house, at market caters,
 Talks loud, coquets the guests, and scolds the
 waiters. [sings,

Next the scene shifts to town, and there she
 The chop-house toast of ogling connoisseurs.
 On 'squires and cits she there displays her arts,
 And on the gridiron broils her lover's hearts :
 And as she smiles, her triumphs to complete,
 Even common-councilmen forget to eat.
 The fourth act shews her wedded to the 'squire,
 And madam now begins to hold it higher ;
 Doats upon dancing, and in all her pride,
 Swims round the room, the *Heinel* of Cheap-
 side ;

Ogles and leers with artificial skill,
 Till having lost in age the power to kill, }
 She sits all night at cards, & ogles at spadille. }
 Such, thro' our lives, the eventful history—
 The fifth and last act still remains for me.
 The bar-maid now for your protection prays,
 Turns Female Barrister, & pleads for Bayes.

THE MONTHLY CHRONOLOGER.

L O N D O N.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 24.



HIS day there was a general
 court of the proprietors of the
 East-India stock, at their house
 in Leadenhall-street, for the
 purpose of deciding the fol-
 lowing question by ballot :

" That it is the opinion of this court,
 that an application be made to parliament
 for the loan of 1,500,000l. or so much as
 shall be wanted, by instalments, for four
 years, at four per cent. per ann. with li-
 berty of repaying the same, as soon as the
 company may be able, by payments of not
 less than 300,000l."

The balloting began at eleven o'clock in
 the forenoon, and ended at six, when the
 scrutineers reported to the directors, who
 reported to the general court, that the num-
 bers stood as follow : for the question, 405.
 Against it, 199.

THURSDAY 25.

This evening the young prince was bap-
 tized in the council chamber, St. James's,
 by the archbishop of Canterbury, by the
 name of Augustus-Frederick. Lady Char-
 lotte Finch, governess to the royal children,
 presented the prince to the archbishop.
 There was a great number of the nobility
 present.

TUESDAY, March 2.

The insurrection of the tanners in Corn-
 wall

will is become so serious an affair, that besides the regiment of Old Buffs, now on their march to that place, some more troops, we hear, are ordered to repair thither to suppress the riots.

The Liverymen who waited on the Lord Mayor this day, relative to calling a common hall, were Mess. Mascall, Saxby, Stavely, Burnley, Thorp, and Forster. Mr. Mascall opened the business on which they came, and then read a paper, signed by 102 liverymen, requesting that a common hall might be summoned. The lord mayor expressed his wish that a public meeting had been held, at which the propriety of the measure might have been generally discussed, but said he should comply with the request of his fellow citizens. His lordship asked the gentlemen if any particular day was more agreeable to them, and they referring it entirely to him, his lordship named Thursday the 11th inst. as mentioned yesterday.

FRIDAY 5.

This day a court of common council was held at Guildhall, when some debates took place relative to the proposed application for shortening the duration of parliaments. The doors were ordered to be locked, and none but members were admitted.

The same day the two city marshals presented to the court of common-council a petition, praying to have power to call out the under marshalsmen, upon any proper occasion, night or day. Mr. Hartford carried in the petition, and the affair is referred to a committee for their determination.

At the above court at Guildhall, the lord Mayor, aldermen Wilkes, Bull, Plomer, Lewes, Thomas, Oliver, Kirkman, Sawbridge, Hopkins, and Alsop, were present, with a full court of commons.

A petition from that court to the house of commons, setting forth the scarcity of bread corn, and the dangerous consequences arising from neglecting the proper remedies, was agreed to, and ordered to be presented by sheriff Lewes, this day.

A motion was made by Mr. Hurford, "That the court doth concur with the court of aldermen, that a frequent appeal to the people by short parliaments is the undoubted right of the subject, and the only means of redress of the various grievances under which the inhabitants of these kingdoms have so long laboured." This motion was agreed to *nem. con.*

Another motion to the following purport. "That it be recommended to the electors of this kingdom, that previous to an election of a representative in parliament, they enjoin the candidate that he shall vote for, and use his interest to procure an act to shorten the duration of parliaments."

Upon this motion a debate ensued.—Mr. alderman H. opposed it, saying that "short parliaments would produce much confusion."

He was answered by Alderman Wilkes, who entered into the causes of the confusion, and proved that not only short but annual parliaments were agreeable to the rights of a free people, and the spirit of our constitution. The Aldermen Oliver, Sawbridge, and Lewes were of the same opinion: when the question was put by the recorder there appeared only three hands against it.

Then a motion was made, that a committee be appointed, consisting of six aldermen and twelve common-councilmen, to prepare a resolution, and circular letters, to the corporation and electors of England, for forwarding the above business; and carried as above.

Mr. Alderman Kirkman moved the court, that a petition be presented to parliament against the baneful practice of state lotteries in times of peace. The motion was agreed to, and referred to the same committee as were appointed to further annual parliaments.

An altercation happened between Alderman Wilkes, and the lord mayor, concerning his giving directions for prosecuting the action against the lottery-office. but after several reflections, the thanks of the court were given to the lord mayor for his conduct on that business; and his lordship declared that he would recommence such prosecutions *de novo*, particularly as Lord Mansfield, and the jury on the late cause, declared their abhorrence of such practices as are continually used by the office-keepers, and the last cause being lost only by a flaw in the declaration.

A committee is summoned to meet at Guildhall, this day, in order "to draw up the form of an engagement for the electors of Great Britain to enter into for shortening the duration of parliaments," which engagement is to be reported at the next court of common council.

SATURDAY 6.

This day Dr. Solander was appointed librarian at the British Museum, in the room of Dr. Maty, who is appointed principal librarian; and Mr. Justamond and Mr. Planta (son of Mr. Planta, deceased) are appointed assistant librarians, in the room of Dr. Solander, and the late Mr. Planta.

SUNDAY 7.

This evening a maid servant in old Broad-Street lost her life by carelessly hanging a sheet on a chair before the kitchen fire to air: her husband, who lives in the house, fortunately came home, knocked several times at the door, and then looked into the kitchen window, where he saw the room in flames, and his wife lying in the middle of it senseless. He immediately broke open the door, and several of the neighbours went in with him and extinguished it. The poor woman lay in a state of insensibility till three o'clock next morning, when she died.

She

She was not burnt at all, so that it is thought she was suffocated. If the man had not come till a quarter of an hour later, the whole neighbourhood might have been burnt, as the houses are very old, and built chiefly of wood.

THURSDAY II.

This day there was a numerous meeting of the livery of this city in common-hall. The lord-mayor, attended by the sheriffs, aldermen Stephenson, Wilkes, Bull, Plummer, and Thomas, together with the city officers, ascended the hustings precisely at one o'clock, when the common serjeant acquainted the livery, That they were assembled together from a request made to the lord-mayor, by a deputation from their body, for the purpose of obtaining a redress of the various grievances they have long laboured under, by a petition to the throne, as well as for the purpose of shortening the duration of parliaments; and he hoped they would treat these subjects with that candour and temper, which the importance of them demanded.

Mr. Bishop then stepped forward, and acquainted the livery, that, having the honour of being chairman of a committee for the purpose of drawing up the said petition, they had prepared it accordingly; and, if it was their pleasure, it should be read. The petition, of which the following is a faithful copy, was then read by the town clerk.

"To the King's most excellent Majesty.

"The humble address, petition, and remonstrance, of the lord-mayor, aldermen, and livery of the city of London, in common-hall assembled,

"Most gracious Sovereign,

"We your majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, the lord-mayor, aldermen, and livery of the city of London, beg leave to approach the throne with the respect becoming a free people, zealously attached to the laws and constitution of their country, and the parliamentary right of your majesty to the crown of these realms.

"We desire, with all humility, in the grief and anguish of our hearts, to submit to your majesty, that the many grievances and injuries we have suffered from your ministers still remain unredressed; nor has the public justice of the kingdom received the least satisfaction for the frequent atrocious violation of the laws, which have been committed in your reign by your ministers, with a daring contempt of every principle, human and divine. Your people have, with the deepest concern, observed that their former humble petitions and remonstrances were received with a neglect and disregard, very hardly brooked by the high spirit of a great and powerful nation; but the hopes of redress still encouraging us to persevere, we again supplicate your majesty to listen to the

voice of your aggrieved subjects, in vindication of your own and the nation's honour against your despotic and corrupt ministers, who have perverted the fountains of public justice, and undermined the foundations of our excellent constitution. Our representatives, who were chosen to be the guardians of our rights, have invaded our most sacred privileges. The right of being represented in parliament is the inherent, inalienable privilege, as well as peculiar glory of the free-born inhabitants of this country; and a person qualified according to law, a magistrate of this city, was duly elected a knight of the shire for the county of Middlesex by a great majority of legal votes, yet has been excluded from the House of Commons by a resolution of that house; and a candidate, who had only a few votes, declared the representative of the electors of the said county against their consent. Through the like corrupt influence of the same ministers, the chief magistrate and one of the aldermen of this city were imprisoned for not obeying the illegal mandates of an arbitrary House of Commons, and violating the solemn oaths they had taken for the preservation of the liberties and franchises of the capital of your majesty's dominions. We recal to your majesty's remembrance with horror, that unparalleled act of tyranny, the erasing a judicial record, in order to stop the course of justice, to introduce a system of power against right, and to tear up by the roots truth and law from the earth.

"We, therefore, your remonstrants, again supplicate your majesty to employ the only remedy now left by the constitution, the exercise of that salutary power with which you are entrusted by law, the dissolving of the present parliament, and the removal of those evil counsellors who advised the measures so generally odious to the nation, and your majesty, as the true guardian of our rights, shall ever reign in the hearts of a grateful people."

Mr. Welling objected to this petition: he declared he was against it, because it was the second part of the same tune, and therefore, from what the king had already answered, there was no likelihood of redress. The petition, however, after being twice read, was carried in the affirmative, not above six hands against it, one of which was Mr. Welling's.

The first part of the business being thus disposed of, Sir Watkin Lewes came forward, and, after addressing the livery in a short speech, wherein he pointed out the critical situation of the times, he proposed a resolution for shortening the duration of parliaments, as the most effectual method to recover our liberties; and for this purpose proposed that a solemn engagement should be entered into by every candidate previous

1773. to his standing a representative for London, to vote and procure his interest for annual, or at least triennial parliaments.

This being regularly put, and seconded, was unanimously carried in the affirmative.

The lord-mayor then received the thanks of the livery, after which the hall broke up. The whole of the above business was carried on with great regularity, and the hall kept quiet from obstructions.

THURSDAY 18.

This morning early a fire broke out at the George Alehouse, Whitechapel, which consumed the same, with all the stock and furniture. The flames were so rapid, that two children were obliged to be thrown out of the window, but were not hurt; the master, mistress, and maid of the house jumped out of window, and escaped unhurt, being saved by the people in the street. The boy hung by a leaden spout some minutes, when a gentleman took him down.

THURSDAY 25.

It is said that three men of war and two frigates, with a regiment of soldiers, are ordered to sail immediately for Jamaica.

FRIDAY 26.

This day the lord-mayor, the recorder, Sheriff Lewes, Alderman Bull, the city remembrancer, the town clerk, and eight of the livery, went to St. James's in procession from Guildhall, and presented the city address, petition, and remonstrance to his majesty. They were received very graciously; and, after the address, &c. was read by the recorder, his majesty was pleased to give an answer to the following purport: That he has the satisfaction to think that his people do not doubt of his readiness to attend to their complaints, or his ardent desire to promote their real happiness, which he cannot more effectually do than by resisting every attempt to sow groundless jealousies amongst them. That their petition was so void of foundation, and besides conceived in such disrespectful terms, that he was convinced they themselves seriously imagined it could not be complied with.

BIRTHS.

At Edinburgh, March 15, the lady of James Boswell, Esq. of a daughter. — March 22. The lady of Sir Watkin Lewes, one of the sheriffs of the city of London, of a son, at his house in Cecil-street.

MARRIAGES.

March 1. At Lambeth, by his grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, Tre-
sor Charles Roper, Esq. son to the Hon. Charles Roper, and nephew to the right hon. Lord Dacre, to Miss Fludyer, daughter and heiress of the late Sir Thomas Fludyer. — 6. At Edinburgh, Thomas Griffen Tarp-
er, Esq. to Miss Catherine M'Kenzie,

daughter of the late earl of Seaforth. — 22. Sir Yelverton Peyton, Bart. to Mrs. Calvert, widow of Felix Calvert, Esq. of Red-cross-street. — 24. Peter Beckford, Esq. member for Morpeth, to Miss Louisa Pitt, youngest daughter of George Pitt, Esq.

DEATHS.

March 10. A Few days ago, at Chicklands in Bedfordshire, the lady of Sir George Osborne, Bart. — 18. Sir Thomas Pym Hales, Bart. of Howletts in Kent, and Brymore in Somersetshire, one of the representatives for the port of Dover, whose ancestor, Sir Robert Hales, was created a baronet at the Restoration. Dying without issue male, the title descends to his only surviving brother Philip, one of the grooms of his majesty's bed-chamber. — 22. The rev. Mr. Matty, father of Dr. Matty, principal librarian to the British Museum. — 24. At his house in South Audley-street, the right hon. Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, Baron Stanhope, knight of the garter, and one of his majesty's most honourable privy council. His lordship was born on the 22d of Sept. 1695. On the 15th of Sept. 1733, he married the Lady Melosina, Countess of Walsingham, but has no issue. His title descends to master Philip Stanhope, a minor about eighteen years of age, now at Leipsick university. — 24. Sir Charles Smith, Bart. of Hill-hall in Essex. Leaving only one daughter, he is succeeded in honour and estate by his only brother, now the Rev. Sir William Smith, Bart.

COUNTRY NEWS.

York, March 2.

ON the 18th past two young gentlemen, happening to have some words with each other at Buxton, they agreed to determine the matter, according to the fashionable phrase, in a gentleman like manner, in the morning with pistols; but pistols not being readily to be had, they agreed to decide the affair with guns. They behaved to each other with great politeness and complaisance; and, when demand was made which should fire first, the person who was injured giving his adversary that advantage, he shot him through the body, of which wound he died soon after.

SCOTLAND.

Edinburgh, Feb. 27.

ON Tuesday last, being the Candlemas fair of Thornhill, several persons on their return from the fair, in the hurry they were in to get over the river of Nith, at that time very much flooded, crowded into a small boat, and over-loaded her, by which means she over-set, and of sixteen persons who were in her, nine perished.

IRELAND.

Dublin, Feb. 27.

THE parliament of this kingdom, which now stands prorogued to the 2d day of March, is further prorogued to the 6th of April next.

A few days ago, an eminent tradesman of this city poisoned his wife, and being afterwards struck either with remorse or dread of punishment, took an opportunity of throwing himself into the river early on Sunday morning. The body has been since taken up, and the coroner's inquest have brought in their verdict *felo de se*.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

RUSSIA.

Petersbourg, Feb. 9.

HER Imperial majesty is greatly embellishing several towns in her empire, particularly this city and Moscow. She has dedicated for ten years to come an annual sum of 200,000 rubles for this use, and in particular for the rebuilding of the imperial palace in the heart of the city of Moscow, which is called the Kremfel.

TURKEY.

Constantinople, Feb. 8. Warlike preparations are carrying on with great vigour, and orders have been given to the troops to march from the different provinces of the empire to

join the imperial army as speedily as possible. All these motions make most people doubt the success of the negotiations of peace.

FRANCE.

Paris, March 16. They write from Marseilles, that at a country-house where some Protestants used to meet, near Notre Dame de la Garde, all the benches, books, and pulpit, were lately burnt by order of the parliament of Provence, and the doors and windows of the house fastened up. The ministers who officiated at these meetings are put in prison at Aix, and will be prosecuted.

ITALY.

Rome, Feb. 28. Last Friday, about two o'clock in the morning, a violent storm arose, which was followed by a shock of an earthquake that was felt at Albani, Rocca di Papa, Rocca Priora, and other parts adjacent. It was followed by another slight shock at four, but at eight there was another so violent, that the inhabitants fled from their houses in the utmost consternation. The damage done is not considerable.

HOLLAND.

Hague, March 4. Their High Mightinesses have received an account from their consul at Morocco, that peace, friendship, and good harmony, are entirely established between them and the emperor of Morocco, on the same footing as by the preceding treaty.

To our CORRESPONDENTS.

MENTOR treats a subject of a private and personal nature. Papers which are merely temporary are better adapted to a News-paper than to a Magazine. We have no other objection to his letter.

The Portrait sent to us by Q. L. does not promise to be in any degree interesting to the public. If our correspondent, however, chuses to transmit the narrative which he mentions, we shall be enabled to judge with more precision. The Portrait is left at the Publisher's.

The Lines from Lyme Regis shall have a place.

Several Mathematical Questions are come to hand.

Hylas in our next.

The Letter subscribed J. W. arrived much too late for this month's Magazine. It is left in the Publisher's hands, as desired; but if the Writer chuses to leave it for further consideration, it shall have a candid hearing.

Theophilus is under consideration.

With regret we are obliged to reject a good Correspondent's Remarks relative to the East-India Company. They appear to be too local.

The Warning to profane Swearers is inadmissible.

The Letter subscribed Philanthropos is left with the Publisher.

The Ode to Sensibility shall have a place.

The Letter addressed to the Quakers does not come within our plan.

Amator is received.